No. 211 (New Series), Vol. 5. April 4. 1936

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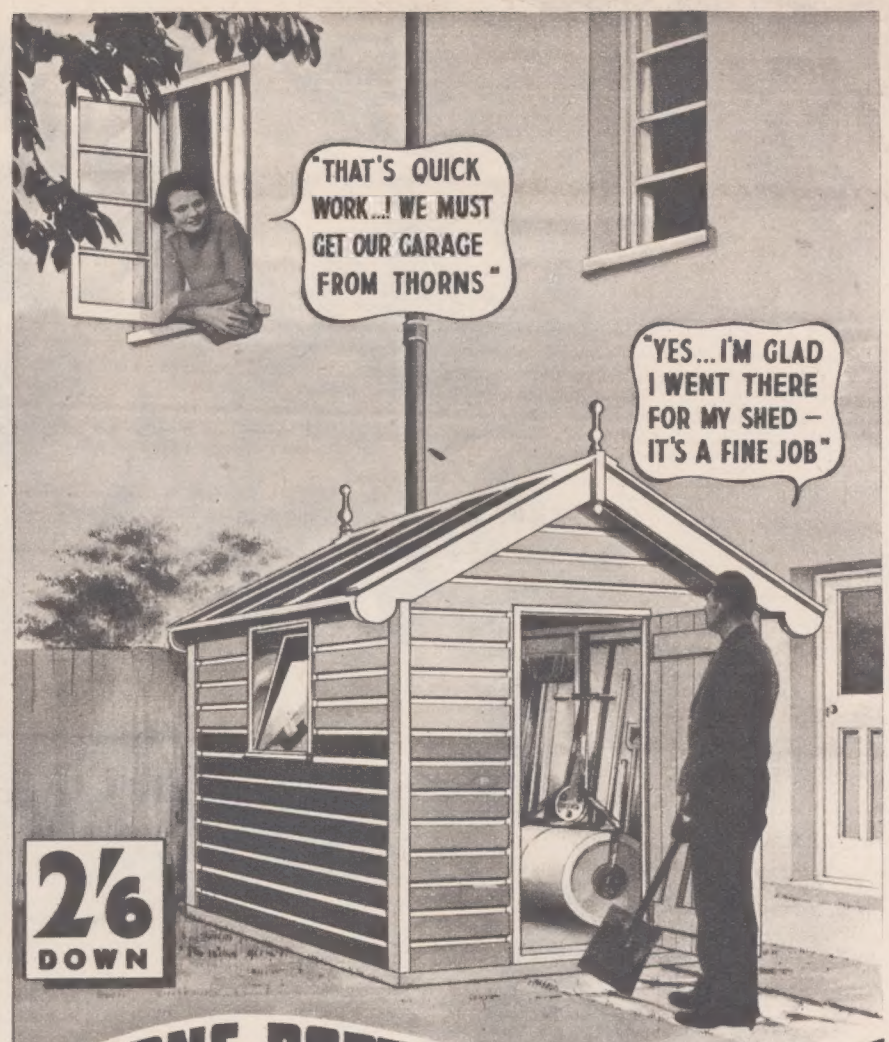

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PASSING SHOW
No. 211 Vol. 5. APRIL 4, 1936

General view of the great Southampton Dock works in progress—the Giant Job which is here described by two of the men who did it.

—And this is a photograph of the same three children last year, when the Giant Job ended.

This is a photograph of the three children of Jimmy McLean, foreman joiner on the Giant Job, about two years after it started. Now turn to the small picture opposite—

Such a GIANT JOB—

Our Babies were Big Children before it Ended

IT was a big job. When we started, and the wife and I moved into the house in Oxford Road, our little Kathleen was eighteen months old. When we finished she was nearly nine and—there were two additions to the family, a brother aged six and a sister aged three.

Thus Jimmy McLean, foreman joiner, when he told me the story of how he and the 4,000 *other men built the new dock extensions at Southampton which have made it the largest passenger port in the world. He continues—*

I was the very first man on the job. And I was there to see it finished. I had been working at the new docks at Tilbury and I went down to Southampton on August 9, 1928.

When I arrived all I could see was a huge bank of ballast about 100 yards wide and a mile and a half long, which the dredges had thrown up across a little bay in the River Test.

It was like a narrow peninsular with water on both sides. The river on one, and a little inland lake, which is now reclaimed land, on the other.

On that bank we began our work. I shall always remember that first day. I arrived to start work, but there didn't seem to be anything to do. I just wandered around looking for my job, wondering where we would begin. There was nobody else there—no tools, no materials, nobody to tell me what to do.

But McAlpines don't leave their men for long with nothing to do, and in a few hours, with half a dozen other men to help me I was busy erecting what we called "the central mixing plant" for mixing cement and concrete.

At that time we thought we would only be at Southampton for about eighteen months. The Southern Railway had "let out" the contract to us only for a portion of the quay wall. They wanted to see what like we would do the work. When the first piece was finished and we heard the company had got the contract for the whole of it, were the lads proud and pleased? I'll say they were.

My wife came down and we were in our new home by the end of August that year. In November David was born To him and to "Caleen" as the elder girl prefers to be called, Southampton will always be home. I liked it fine, too. It's the finest town in England I reckon.

Aye! It was a happy job. Right enough! There was plenty of hard work, mind you. There were times, maybe, when you thought it was a bit too hard. But there was good money in it, the men pulled together, and there were very few accidents. If any of us had the chance to sign on all over again we'd throw up our caps.

Yet the work was always hard and some of it was very trying. There was, for instance, what we called "tide work," that is work which could only be done while the tide was out. At Southampton the tide is peculiar. It begins to go out and then two hours later rushes back to form a second high tide. Then it recedes very rapidly for the real ebb. All the work had to be done at this second tide.

It meant, of course, that we had a little less than six hours clear run on a job. It meant also that the men had to work two shifts a day, and their shifts had to change as the tide changed.

One part of my work was to see to the fitting of the "fenders." Most people who have seen photo-

Continuing GIANT JOB

● One of the biggest engineering and construction jobs in British history—the new Southampton Docks—has been finished in time for the super liner, *Queen Mary's* voyage South. Here is the story of the job, told from the point of view of their wives, their children, and themselves, by two of the men who helped to do the "dirty work." Their names are Jimmy McLean and Jock Stirling, and their tale is set down by

Daphne Clare

graphs of the finished quay wall, see a straight clean-looking wall and "road" of concrete. But far down on the face of that wall, below the water at high tide, thick beams of wood are fastened roughly about every four yards, to act as "buffers," between the side of a vessel and the concrete wall. Special wood is used—greenheart they call it, known in the trade as "the wood that never floats."

This was about the toughest job on the whole contract. The men wore "half" diving suits—that is diving suits to the neck, but with no helmet, Strong wooden platforms were lowered over the wall and the carpenters stood on these.

Most of the time they were up to their waists in water. Often they were working with their hands eighteen inches or so under the water to get in a bit of extra time as the water went down or came up. Half out of the water like that they were exposed to the cold winds which in winter made the job bitter cold. The heavy winds brought spray as well which washed right over them.

Every one of the fenders—and we made getting on for 600 before we were finished—had to have a pattern taken first. This was done in light wood and had to fit exactly against the wall.

The patterns were made at one tide. It was my job to see that they were rushed to the workshops, that the fenders were made exactly to match them and that they were ready on the quayside for the men to put in position when they came on at the next tide. Whatever else had to be put on one side that work must be got through.

We worked round the clock. At night powerful arc lamps made it as light as day. Men always seemed to be coming and going. A shift would come on duty say at one o'clock in the morning. They would work until seven. Then home to get some sleep and a meal. Back again at one o'clock midday, work until six or seven and then home to get some more sleep and another meal.

They needed that sleep too. If some gay young spark thought he'd miss his sleep and take his girl to the pictures, I soon knew it by the way he worked.

The next day the whole programme was repeated only *one hour later*.

Sometimes I would see one shift of tide workers through, then, to get things ready work right through their "off" period and continue with the next shift when it came on. It was all according to how the work went. When I said good-bye to my wife at 6.30 in the morning she never knew when she would see me again.

I did not bother about breakfast at home—just a cup of tea and a biscuit. I took bacon and eggs with me which were fried at work at nine o'clock when we got a break, and a "piece" for mid-day dinner. After that I got nothing till I had my supper when I got home. Sometimes this would not be until 8 or 9 o'clock at night.

I remember, one night in particular, my brother, who was living with us, went home about 6 o'clock and said I would be late but did not know what time. The wife said to him, "I've a mind to take a bite of food over to Jimmy. It's a terrible cold night and he'll nae doot be able to do wi' it."

So she cut a piece (snack you would call it down south here), made a flask of hot tea (I'm a rare one for tea) and walked all the way to the dock gates. Then when she got there she didn't have the courage to ask to go in.

When she told me afterwards I was sair disappointed. For at that very minute I was fair famished and would have given anything for something to eat. She waited until 11 o'clock that night for her own supper so that she could have it with me.

She was always like that—always would wait so that we could have our meal together. At first she had trouble keeping the things hot without spoiling them for maybe two or three hours. Afterwards she would prepare as much of the meal as she could and then wait until I came in before cooking the potatoes and vegetables. It meant waiting half an hour but I got a freshly cooked meal and enjoyed it much better.

Sometimes if the work was not going right, we had to work on Saturday afternoons and Sundays as well. When my mother came down from Dundee for a fortnight I was not able to take her out even once to the pictures. All she saw of me was when I came in, mud up to the knees, to have a wash, some supper, and get to bed. I was away in the morning before she was up.

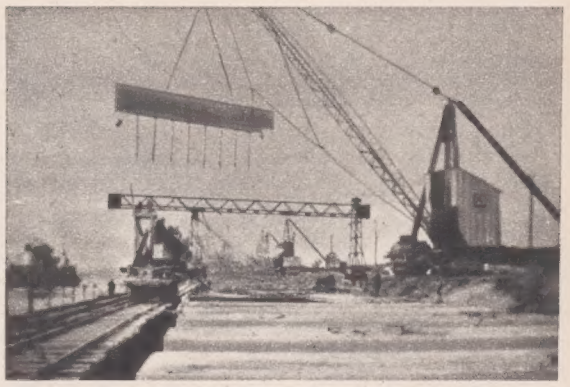
It was always like that. If you'd planned to do anything, sure as fate something would happen and you'd have to work late.

We didn't mind. We all worked willingly. We were well paid and we knew it had to be if the job were to be finished to schedule. We took as much pride in keeping the job up to time all through those seven and a half years as the manager did. But we wouldn't have been human if we hadn't thought it a bit of a nuisance sometimes when it interfered with our little bits of pleasure.

Holidays below zero

On the other hand there were times when work was held up altogether by bad weather. I remember one spell when nothing was done on the job for six weeks because of heavy frost. You can't work with concrete in frost, it won't set. So we had a rare old holiday.

I should explain, perhaps, that besides making the fenders I helped with the "monoliths"—hollow squares of concrete which were driven down into the ballast to find a solid foundation. As one set of monoliths disappeared we put others on top until we had a solid wall. And all the time "grabs"



One of Jimmy McLean's own snapshots of the rising dock wall.

—worked by cranes—were scooping up the "muck" that oozed up inside the hollow monoliths.

Wind was another enemy. When there was a strong wind blowing the cranes could not come round against it. Without the cranes we could do nothing. Every single block of concrete that went into the making of a monolith weighed about 5 tons. That will give you some idea of the weights we were dealing with. And to drive the monoliths down into the ballast we put weights weighing 3,000 to 5,000 tons on each one.

So windy days and frosty days were the times I got a chance to do a bit extra for my hens. I bred hens as a hobby and was very proud of them. They were good birds. My wife swears if I got the chance I would sit out in the backyard for a couple of hours on end, just watching them: waiting for the eggs to be laid. I don't know about that, but I know I always enjoyed the extra time I could give to doing the odd things they needed.

I had special gadgets for feeding so I only needed to give them food once a day. For other recreations we would go the pictures or on Sundays sometimes across to the Isle of Wight and spend the day on the beach. The wife and I belonged, of course, to the Scottish Association in the town and went pretty regularly to any "do" they had on.

At first you did not quite realise what an immense size the new docks were to be. But when the first section of the wall was complete, when the firm got the contract for building the "sheds," where passengers and goods are handled between the time they leave the trains and are on board, and even more, when the first big liners began to use the finished portion, we could not help feeling that it was a great piece of work and proud that we had had a hand in building it.

Personally I am also very proud of Rank's flour mill which we built on the reclaimed land behind the docks, and of the grain silo attached to it.

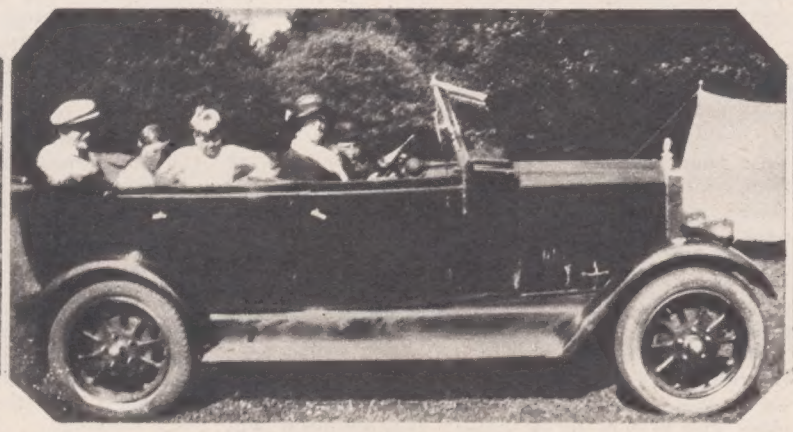
At first the bairns were too young to take any interest. As they got older, occasionally when the weather was suitable, they were allowed to come and see me at work. In wet weather it was hopeless—there was far too much mud about.

But strangely enough David never showed the same interest or enthusiasm about it that the elder girlie did. She would come as often as she could and she would climb anywhere. When we were building the silo there was a stairway, just made of rough scaffolding, running up outside. It was 120 feet to the top and perfectly safe for grown-ups, but there were places where a wee bairn could have fallen through.

Caleen gave me no peace until I allowed her to come right to the top with me, and she never turned a hair. In fact, she might have been an old hand going up and down regularly. But the wee laddie gave in about a third of the way up, got so frightened

Jock Stirling's Family

Jock Stirling in his garden at Southampton.



The Stirlings on a trip into the New Forest, handy paradise for the Giant Job workers.

And the Stirlings on the beach. After John o'Groat's it was too hot for them.

Jimmy McLean at Home

Jimmy McLean used to like sun-bathing on his off day in the summer.

The kiddies look out of the window—and they saw Southampton change.

"I bred hens as a hobby. My wife swears I would sit . . . just watching them."

that he could not go either up or down and had to be carried down by one of my mates.

Aye! Southampton was a fine job. Right enough! When we had to come away it fair broke our hearts. It was as bad as leaving home for the first time. We'd made so many friends and had been so happy there.

Now listen to Jock Stirling. He was also one of the first men on the job, and is, in fact, still working on it.

My job was traffic. On a big job like this traffic is important because on every part of the job they depend on you to keep up a steady stream of supplies. If you don't feed them the stuff the work gets held up. I had twelve locomotives to look after and it was a bit of a jig-saw puzzle sometimes to get everything fitted in so that it would be done at the right time.

You've got to remember that the job was a mile and a half long and I had to keep everybody satisfied. But I made it a rule never to get worried and never to get flustered.

The first thing I used to do when I got there in the morning was to walk the full length of the works, stopping at every job along the way and asking what they wanted. It took me a good two hours before I was back at the yard.

At the busiest time we had 40 cranes working and I had to see that every one of them had an adequate supply of coal beside it—not enough to hamper the work, but enough to make sure there would be no shortage. We were using cement at the rate of 1,000 tons a week, too. The placing of orders was nothing to do with me, but I liked to satisfy myself that sufficient supplies would be in when the men needed them.

Though I did so much walking in the day I nearly always walked to and from work, three quarters of an hour each way. I though nothing of it. I suppose I walked on an average about 20 miles a day. The fresh air and the exercise though made you always ready for your food.

Down to the tropics

For the first eighteen months I was in lodgings, and the wife and four boys were away up in the north of Scotland, near John o'Groat's. But when we were told that the job would likely be a long one I brought them down to Southampton. Willie, the youngest, was about ten and the eldest was about sixteen.

They nearly died that first summer with the heat. I was used to it. But coming from away up north it nearly killed them. When I came home at night I would find them with hardly anything on lying about in the garden, wishing themselves back in Scotland.

When our eldest boy started out to work he got a job at the docks. That made four generations of the family who had worked for McAlpine's. My grandfather worked for the first Sir Robert, founder of the firm, who died just over a year ago, when he began in a small way at Burnbank, Lanarkshire. My father followed him and I followed my father. Now three of my sons are in the business, too—one apprenticed as a joiner, one as a bricklayer, and the third following up steam. In time he may work himself into traffic as I did. The fourth wants to be an artist.

My wife's a hard worker. She was a fisher lassie when I wed her—brought up to plenty of hard work, but when a couple of the boys were working on tide work it just about got her down. She would be up at five to get my breakfast and pack my lunch up. About nine o'clock or half-past the boys perhaps would come off a shift looking like drowned rats.

If they were very wet and cold they'd want a hot bath. If not too bad a wash would do. Then she'd have to cook them a meal and they'd go to bed. Their trousers would probably be thick with mud to the knees and she'd have to wash it off before drying them in front of the fire.

At 12 o'clock Willie would come in from school, wanting his dinner because he had to be back by half-past one. Sandy, the second youngest, was bricklaying and worked mostly my hours. So he was no extra bother.

About two the other boys would get up again to be ready for the shift at three. Another hot meal had to be cooked, more sandwiches cut and their clothes had to be dry ready to put on.

Soon after four Willie would come home again and she'd give him his tea. Then any time between six and nine Sandy and I would come in looking for a hot supper, because we did not come home at dinner time and had had nothing hot since the morning.

About 10 o'clock the other two would come in again from tide work. I don't know how she managed to get the housework done and the washing, but she did it somehow. The only time she went out was to do her shopping and on a Saturday evening. She and I always made it a regular habit to go out together on a Saturday evening. It was our one little outing in the week.

We'd go down the town, have a look at the shops, maybe buy one or two things that we wanted and then come home, and listen to the wireless. We hardly ever went to the pictures. There never seemed to be much time and neither of us is very struck on 'em, anyway.

But the rest of Southampton isn't of our mind. Six large modern cinemas have been built since we began the job. The town has changed almost out of all recognition. The money which the dock extensions brought to the town no doubt made a big difference.

At the busiest time, that is when the graving dock was being built, and work was still going on at the quay wall, between 3,000 and 4,000 men were being employed. Thousands of pounds were being paid in wages every week and were being spent in the town.

When we first came you could hardly get a house or even rooms for love or money. Since then the council have built about 3,000 houses and it's much easier to get a house now, though still not too easy. A fine new town hall which they call the "Civic Centre" has been built. A lot of new shops with modern fronts have also been built. The council also intend to turn part of the reclaimed land into a recreation ground with bathing pool and sun-bathing beach.

Seven and a half years is, of course, a long time and Southampton has changed and improved a lot. Many of the men had children born while they were on the job. Quite a number also got married. I think the town seems like home to a great number of us. Some of the men have settled down there now and don't want to shift. If they could find work they'd be ready to stay.

Building these docks was the sort of job that seemed to get into your bones. Even when you'd finished for the night your thoughts somehow would still be with it as you sat beside the fire. Many a time my wife used to complain that I'd "sit aside the fire and never change a word."

But, y' see, I had my own difficulties and problems. And as I sat by the fire I'd be turning over in my mind how I could fit *this* in and what I could do with *that*. Often enough things sorted themselves out like that while I was sitting quiet and I'd go to work next morning with everything planned.

There was one problem I solved like that beside the fire. I was rather proud of it becauses it speeded up the whole job. The "ballast," as we call it, that is to say the gravel, which we used to mix in with the cement to make the concrete, we got on the job.

We used what the dredgers were picking up from the river bed. But it was mixed with mud and all sorts of rubbish and could not be used just as it was. It had to be washed first.

A crane eighty feet above the ground lifted the ballast up and emptied it into a kind of chute which zig-zagged its way down to the ground taking a change every three or four feet or so. At every new turn jets of water sprayed on to it. By the time it reached the bottom it was as clean as a new pin.

I knew we could do with a bit of speeding up in the supply of ballast. The question was how to do it. So for two or three days I watched the washer pretty closely. Then one night the solution came to me.

The dirty ballast was being fed to the washer by trucks passing on one side of it, and the clean was emptied into trucks on the other side. They were using one engine to move both lots of trucks.

I thought I could do better with two engines, so the first day I had a spare engine available I tried out the plan I had formed. It would be too technical to explain exactly what I did, but briefly, with the two engines I tried a sort of shuttle service which kept the ball rolling so well that at the end of the day we had increased the quantity by 60 per cent.

The men got a good bonus that day. McAlpine's have a very good system of bonuses whereby every man on a job shares in the profits. If you keep down the costs of a job then you get a bonus in proportion. If you speed up the output you get a bonus also in proportion. It's a fine system. There's no driving the men. They work eagerly and willingly.

When the result of that day's work was known they were so pleased that orders were given for two engines to be kept on the job and I was left in charge. Later we were able to increase the output to double.

Wind was the worst trouble with the washer. The crane, as I said, was eighty feet above the ground. At that height it often caught wind when it wasn't blowing bad on the ground. With a strong wind blowing we simply could not work the crane—it was too dangerous. Sometimes that crane had to be idle when all the others on the job were working.

And when it was idle it meant maybe 300 men idle on the monoliths, because they could not work if they did not get ballast.

We celebrate

As each stage of the job was finished there were great celebrations. I remember it was a great day when the last monolith block was laid, and another great day when the "wall" was completed.

You see after the monoliths had been laid a 15 ft. thick "road" of concrete had to be laid on top.

So bit by bit the men dwindled away, drafted to jobs in other parts. What had been for years a clamouring chaos of machinery and men was left at last a beautiful clean-looking structure. I don't suppose a single man of all those who helped to build it will ever see those docks without a thrill of pride—a feeling that it belongs a bit to him.

Now almost everybody is gone. Nine petrol locomotives, three draglane excavators and one five-ton crane, a few huts, and some rubbish are all that are left. I am still here because some of the reclaimed land has still to be levelled up. The weather has been so wet this winter that it has been impossible to touch it. As soon as it dries up we'll set to work on it.

Unless a miracle happens though we'll still be here when the *Queen Mary* comes down to Southampton from the Clyde.

So I'll be having a good look at her when she's in the graving dock.

Proud Beauty

ILLUSTRATED BY A. C. MICHAEL

HILARION LAZAGA, police major from the Portuguese colony of Anacora, drank long and gazed longer at the girl facing him under the silken awning of her tent.

What a marvel she was in her still, white, arrogant beauty, also how entirely insane to parade such loveliness unescorted through the wilds of Africa, but then these Americans were all mad. Still, he felt it his duty to break off talk of his own business to say :

"Permit me to mention that it is not wise for the Senhorita to travel alone in such a land as this."

"I prefer it," said Eia Barbary looking coldly at the big, overbearing pomposity of the man.

"But that is not natural, with your looks," he said, twirling a shoelace moustache with a jack-boot manner; then as an angry gleam came to the splendid dark eyes, he added hastily. "I speak out of concern for the Senhorita. Even I, Hilarion Lazaga, whose name is terror, do not travel the Gongoda country without ten well armed *dogaris*."

"I am not new to *safari*," said Eia Barbary evenly. "I have hunted big game in all parts of Africa—alone."

"But not in Gongoda," said Lazaga. "Gongoda is not a good place. This king they have, Sandra Boma, is bad; an animal of the worst degree. A dangerous and treacherous snake, with a nasty reputation with—" his eyes dropped before her haughty glance, "with, er, ladies."

"You were speaking of an escaped criminal named Savaran," said Eia Barbary changing the conversation with a contempt that made the big man bristle.

"It is my duty, Senhorita, first to insist upon this matter of your safety," he said fiercely.

"I have listened," she said evenly. "I can look after myself." She turned to a tall hooded Arab who had just stepped softly into the shadow beside her tent, said in *Swahili*, "The peace of Allah on thee. Whence come you and what want you with me?"

Lazaga, who had no taste for so summary a dismissal from a beauty as yet unconquered by his well-known gallantry, said sharply :

"Let the dog wait. I have yet to finish warning you against this felon, Savaran."

Eia Barbary having once dismissed a man, that man ceased to have further human existence—that had been her attitude to the male from her cradle up. She turned to freeze Lazaga off the earth, and the shadowy Arab said in a soft sing-song:

"Peace to you, O Lily of Wonder. Thy slave can wait. I will sit within the shadow of thy beauty while he whose name is Fear talks."

"You see the effect of me on these black scum," the Portuguese said with swelling chest. "They are all like that, and Savaran, in spite of his boasts, will find me terrible, too. I am here to catch this Savaran and hang him."

"I have heard of that man," said Eia Barbary held by her interest, "and from what I have heard he will not be easy to hang."

"Not for an ordinary man—no," admitted the Portuguese largely, "but me, I am Lazaga. That is why I am sent to take him. It needs a redoubtable man, for this Savaran is not without a certain low cunning and power over the natives. But I, Lazaga will show Africa the way a man of deeds deals with a mere rascal of a boasting sneak thief."

"It is of Zavarani you speak," came the sing-song of the Arab, who was now squatting in the shade and smoking placidly. "But that is a name of power. From the Fezzan to the Great Thirst kings tremble at the rumour of it and even the white lords mass their regiments for fear of his stroke. There is no man so great in Africa since the days of Saladin, on whom be peace."

"It is not meet for a black dog to lift his voice in the presence of white lords," Lazaga snapped at him. He turned to Eia Barbary. "That is the boasting the fellow has spread among the ignorant natives. But the real truth about this Savaran is that he is a contemptible creature; a ragged adventurer chased from one state to another by the police; a smuggler, a gun runner, a thief, a stirrer up of native revolt. I myself hold four warrants for his arrest, two of which are hanging matters."

"And he is here in Gongoda?" said Eia.

"I have word it is so," said Lazaga. "He sneaked by the police of our western colony of Lumpuli by a base trick and was last heard of heading for Sandra Boma's court. He is, of course, after Sandra Boma's diamonds."

"He's just plain crook," said the girl, her lovely face cold with contempt."

"Of the lowest order," said Lazaga, "a trafficker with niggers. He is even wanted for smuggling drugs."

"That makes him more detestable," she said fiercely. "I hope you will take him, Major, such brutes ought not to be at large."

"Be assured, I, Hilarion Lazaga, will take him if he is twenty times more formidable than his boasts," said the major grandly.

His chest swelled magnificently, he twirled his moustache grandly. He knew he was superb—and just at the peak of his pride he was taken aback by a laugh.

The Arab in the shade had laughed. He was still squatting and smoking calmly, but the hood of his burnouse was back now, and Lazaga, snatching up his hippo-hide whip to chastise the fellow, looked sharply and dropped the whip aghast.

"Savaran!" he choked.

The Arab's face showed dark, sharp and eagle-fierce above the snow of his robe. There was a smile, dry, sardonic and terrible on his masterful lips. He did not stir. It was Lazaga who backed, goggling in fear and fumbling at his pistol butt.

Savaran took the cigarette from his lips, expelled a slow and luxurious cloud of smoke, said calmly : "I did not know there were two of our might in Africa, Lazaga."

Lazaga's pistol came out, but it was a shaky voice that cried : "Up, scum. I am arresting you."

"The terror of your name unnerves me," Savaran grinned. "My shaking limbs refuse to lift me."

"Up!" roared the now angry Portuguese, "or I shoot you as you are."

"It is unsportsmanlike to shoot sitting game," said Savaran with a flash of splendid teeth, "ungallant to shed blood in the presence of a lady. Also, why lose the glory of taking Savaran alive, Lazaga?"

"Well, then, alive I take you and hang you on the spot," cried the other and shouted for his *dogaris*. But when they came running they looked one look at Savaran and were content to remain behind Lazaga, ignoring his orders and rolling fearful, negroid eyes at the spider-spare adventurer.

"It appears they know Savaran, low trash and thief though he is," said the seated man with a smile, for Eia Barbary. "He is not then so mean a person as a dago liar painted him."

Eia Barbary rose coldly from her chair.

"Possibly my presence hinders you, Major Lazaga," she said. "Get your business done and leave my camp as soon as possible."

She took a step towards her tent door only to be halted by Savaran's soft laugh.

"I ask pardon for incommoding you while I justified myself," he said. "But now I will remove this—offence and end the incident."

He blew upon a gold whistle and Lazaga turning with an oath to order his men to act, checked his order with a yelp.

From the jungle surrounding the camp clearing, in a complete ring, tall men came striding inward. They seemed to materialise out of the very shadows at the trill of the whistle. They were brawny, french-bronze savages, barbaric in tall feathers and gold bangles. The sun blazed on their vermilion shields, their spade-headed stabbing spears and the workmanlike mauser rifles slung across each broad back. They moved with an effortless leopard lilt. Lazaga goggled at him, gasped :

Savaran saw gold chains upon Eia's wrists. She was to be a bride by force.

SAVARAN (III)

by Douglas Newton

"Sandra Boma's bodyguard!"

"And *mine*," said Savaran getting to his feet. "You are a little late in the day, Lazaga. I reached Gongoda a month ago and a month is more than enough for Savaran to found a kingdom. Gongoda lies in my palm, Lazaga, and the Riad—which I subdued in my stride. Sandra Boma is king of both, by leave of Savaran, who has other work to do with his hundred thousand spears."

"Gongoda! The Riad!" stammered Lazaga, a green tinge in his yellow face. "Then—then half of middle Africa is at your feet."

"As a beginning—yes," said Savaran with his ruthless, eagle-smile. "But I am a man of ambition and destiny, Lazaga. I am already dreaming a larger dream, and Savaran's dreams come true. Even now I march to break the Taruk. To-morrow, who knows, but all the tropic belt, jungle and desert and sown, from ocean to ocean will be mine. The conqueror will, Lazaga, it cannot be denied." His wolf smile mocked the Portuguese. "How unfortunate for you that you should meet Savaran when his day has dawned. Now, which tree will you hang me on—or I you?"

Perhaps he would have hanged Lazaga—who ever could say what Savaran would do in his fierce whimsy—but just then there came a blare of silver trumpets and gold chained slaves bearing Sandra Boma on a palanquin of jewelled ivory trotted into the clearing.

Sandra Boma was your true savage monarch in temperament if not in capacity. He could not even alight from his litter without using the backs of crouching women as stepping stools. He rolled towards Eia Barbary's tent robed in tissue of gold, his fabled diamonds blazing in the African sun. He was magnificent, Sandra Boma, in all things save mind and manhood.

He was over fat, over short and over young, yet his face proclaimed that even his few years had made him a master in over-indulgence and viciousness. The soulless cruelty of an animal stamped his squat, sooty features; stealthy cunning was in his charcoal black eyes.

Those eyes found Eia Barbary at once, swept her straight, regal whiteness with an unsavoury gusto while his lips seemed to smack in relish. Then he saw Lazaga in the hands of his guard, and that passion that was even more to him than love of women, cruelty, blazed within him.

"Yallah! An *effer-ingi* prisoner," he cried in a vice-husky voice. He clapped his pudgy hands. "My chair of state, here under this awning. We will sit and watch this pig die—softly. It will be pleasant."

Perhaps it was this that saved the shaking Lazaga. Savaran, being Savaran, could not resist the chance of showing Eia Barbary how he coerced kings. He said grimly:

"The man will be marched in safety to his own territory of Anacora by guards who will be answerable to *me* for his life."

Sandra Boma turned a face evil with hate upon the lean adventurer. It could be seen there was no love lost between the king and the king-maker.

"The king has said he shall die," he snarled. "My chair, at once!"

"The king then will fight the white *goms* when they come with their cannons and flying canoes that drop earthquakes," said Savaran grimly cheerful. "The British and the Franchi as well as the Portuguese, for all are jealous when white blood is shed by black."

"Let them come," said Sandra Boma. "Who am I to tremble? Am I not Sandra Boma, King of Kings from the days of Adam, conqueror of the Riad, the Word of Life and Death for all Africa? I fear them not!"

He sat himself fatly in his golden seat, Savaran merely turned and called for his horse.

"What is this?" Sandra Boma squealed on another note. "You leave me, Zavarani?"

"You fight white men alone," said Savaran calmly. "And may you also hold back the Riad spears better than you did before I came."

Sandra Boma was up and at the spider-spare man's side at a bound, clawing pitifully at Savaran's robe, entreating him to stay, for the Riad had treated the Gongoda people as slaves, and hen-men before Savaran had conquered them for Gongoda, and the Riad taking vengeance for defeats were not a pleasant people. No wonder Sandra Boma cringed in fear and snivelled promises to do all the Lord Zavarani commanded.

"Give the man presents and send him back to his land," said Savaran curtly and his flashing smile called Eia Barbary to admire his power over rulers. And Eia Barbary drew herself up in cold scorn and said:

"It's . . . loathsome . . . a white man trafficking with such a black reptile!"

With a look of absolute disgust she turned and entered her tent.

And Lazaga, fired by her, flung down the jewels that had been put in his hands and shouted for her to hear:

"I take nothing from a thief who has gone nigger. And be warned, Savaran. Set as much as a foot in Anacora and by the living truth nothing will stop me hanging you. I swear here and now, that whatever the cost to myself I will rid the world of such a devil as you."

Savaran smiled cheerfully, picked Lazaga's pistol from Eia Barbary's table ostentatiously made sure it was loaded and then thrust it into the braggart's hand.

"Better take your gun then, Lazaga," he said. "One who boasts so rashly will need good protection."

For a breathless half-minute they stood, then the power in Savaran's eyes, the smile of his harsh courage sent the courage oozing out of Lazaga's veins. He turned and walked sullenly away, beaten.

Four hours later Savaran stood in the outer chamber of Eia Barbary's tent, saying with his fiercely genial smile:

"You will break camp at dawn, Miss Barbary, and will reach Kallat in a week of quick marching. I am sending twenty picked men with you."

Eia Barbary stood cool and hostile in the soft gloom of her big tent. She was at once more beautiful, more difficult, and more desirable.

"I do not discuss my affairs with you," she said evenly.

"I am not discussing anything," he said. "I am giving orders, and warning you that my men will see that they are carried out."

"Leave my tent," she cried; "your play-acting does not impress me, if it does your filthy black king. I stay or go, as *I* choose."

"You have not it in you to take an undignified line," he smiled, "for like me you are of the master breed. You will go because my men have learnt to obey Savaran without question."

"I can look after myself," she said curtly.

"Not with Sandra Boma," he said grimly. "Not here. You are not in Andubon Park now. This is Gongoda, an independent jungle state, an ugly and primitive place, where an ugly little animal's word will be all-powerful while I am away conquering the Taruk."

She was looking at him with a sudden touch of attention. How came he to know Andubon Park, New Orleans?

"Even you seem to realise that the work you do and the king you truckle to are disgusting, then," she said.

"Not the work I do," he answered. "Sandra Boma, yes, but he is merely an unfortunate accident. When I became master of the Riad and Gongoda peoples I intended to be king—it is my *metier*. But one has to walk carefully with local customs. Sandra Boma's line has ruled here since Adam; probably the serpent in Eden was the founder of his house. It would have been an act of impiety bound to beget war to dethrone him—at once. He merely stays to serve my end in conquering the mountain Taruk. With the Taruk acknowledging my power, the Riad supporting me, I can dictate to Gongoda."

"And take Sandra Boma's millions in diamonds without undue risk," she said scornfully.

"Those, too," he said, a little taken aback. "The conqueror reaps his natural reward; and I shall certainly need them to finance my ambition. For big things are in the air, Eia Barbary. The day for which I was born has come. A new star is about to blaze

(*Continued on page* 10)

Continuing PROUD BEAUTY

over Africa; a new empire to rise among the empires of the world."

"With a king thief at its head," she said, with cutting scorn. His fierce eyes glimmered angrily for a moment, then he laughed softly.

"If you like," he said. "It is a way we conquerors and pioneers have. The Barbarys also took what they wanted by the sword from the Redskins of the Mississippi flats."

She was staring at him wide-eyed now.

"I know you!" she cried. "That's why I remembered the name. Savaran—you are one of the Bienville Savarans of New Orleans."

"I went to school with your cousins," he said fiercely genial. "I learnt to admire the women of your race then, a queenly breed."

She stiffened at the familiarity of his words, said in a tone of abhorrence:

"Bienville Savaran's son—to sink to *this*!"

"Napoleon, too, was a poverty-stricken little cadet before his day of power," he said, his superb teeth gleaming in his gipsy face. "When you see me in *my* power, making treaties with the rulers of the earth, as I will when I come to Kallat——"

"Bringing your footpads plunder in diamonds," she interrupted scornfully.

"The finest of them shall go to make a crown fit even for your head," he smiled.

"Oh!" she gasped, eyes flashing and her young beauty glorious in anger. "You disgust me. Go!"

"You are magnificent," he said, his fierce eyes saying more. "There never was a woman so queenly. No wonder Savaran loves you."

He reached out, lifted her hand, kissed it as Napoleon must have kissed the hand of Marie Louise. Half intimidated by the strange force in him, half hating him, she hesitated to snatch it away until his lips touched, then with a little cry she jerked free, caught a whip from the rack round the tent pole, and slashed his face.

"A man like you," she cried. "You—defile!"

She flung the whip away, turned and vanished through the curtains that divided the living and sleeping quarters of her tent, leaving him alone.

Savaran rode without companions to Gongoda. He made the journey in exultance as well as stealth. The day of his glory had begun. In one swift and electric march he had crushed the Taruk.

Never before had his genius in war, the conqueror power within him been so sure and overwhelming. The Taruk had acknowledged it They had caved under the first smashing battle, though they were a dogged people and had yet many fighting braves to carry on a war of years amid their mountains.

Baratodi, their *kai*, which means priest-king, had paid tribute to the wonder of Savaran at the great peace palaver.

"It is thou, Zavarini, who fights as a god fights, who has mastered us—not these Gongoda she-men, not the hareem king, Sandra Boma, who has not dared show his face on the field of battle To thee then do we bow, because war against thee is a vain thing. But to thee only, to the Gongoda, no; to Sandra Boma, never! No Gongoda hog will ever be lord over Taruk. With them we will march till all Africa is at thy feet, yes—but only if thou art king. That is our true word. For Sandra Boma to be king is a shame we will not face, and that we will fight until our last youth dies amid the mountains. I have spoken."

So Baratodi of Taruk had said the word that was to raise Savaran like a new star over Africa. Sandra Boma must be deposed and Savaran reign king. His day had come.

He now rode to Gongoda to clinch the master stroke. That was all there was left to do. He was king in all save the detail of turning Sandra Boma off his throne. He was riding to Gongoda to arrange that.

Sandra Boma had remained in his capital. He felt safer there, not only from the threat of war but from danger to his throne. With the hardier, warrior section of his race away fighting the Taruk he was surrounded almost entirely by his adherents and his cronies; crafty, stay-at-home creatures who enriched themselves through Sandra Boma's luxuries and so were the last to want him dethroned.

They would fight for Sandra Boma these creatures, would at a pinch, persuade him to enter into a swift alliance with the Portuguese of Anacora or the French protected Sultanate of Kallat, both eager to get Gongoda under their thumbs. If either happened Savaran was beaten. He might have the genius but he certainly had not the munitions to fight European powers—yet.

To win his game, Savaran must use guile, must lure Sandra Boma to the fighting front. Directly he got him there and the terms of the Taruk were put before the warrior ranks it would mean the end of Sandra Boma.

Sure of himself and the certain success of his star, Savaran rode into the big palaver square of the palace. It blazed with lights and echoed with barbaric music, but it was entirely empty.

"Another feast," Savaran smiled, "so Belshazzar behaved before *his* line was swept away." He threw the reins of his horse over a post and made for a small door that would allow him to enter the great hall of the palace unobserved.

Sandra Boma had the habit of feasts. He found a weekly excuse for excess in eating, drinking and display, yet one glance into the hall told Savaran this was a feast out of the ordinary.

"Celebrating *his* valour over the Taruk, no doubt," he grinned and then he frowned.

He was looking into the hall from a position at the side of and almost level with the royal divan. The great chamber was misty bright with the smoky flames of a hundred torches and score upon score of fretted Moorish lamps. It was packed with a mob of gobbling natives—all Sandra Boma's cronies, there was not a friendly face among them. A carefully picked gathering of the king's supporters. It was hectic with the movement of female serving slaves and the overseers who hurried them with whips. It was dizzy with the vast, crude clamour of a great native band. It was the size of the band, the prodigal gleam of gold vessels and jewelled ornaments that made Savaran frown—and the ranks of slim dancing girls posturing in the wide space between the diners. . . . Slim dancing girls, scant of dress, with love-blossom in their hair . . . and their dance, marvellous and debased—the Dance of Nuptials.

Savaran stared amazed. A wedding feast! Who of the importance this feast proclaimed was being married to-night?

Even as he asked he knew.

He saw a slim back, the gleam of a marble white shoulder through a torn khaki hunting shirt, a proud head and a lovely, still profile—Eia Barbary!

Eia Barbary was sitting on the king's divan alone with Sandra Boma. Eia Barbary and Sandra Boma both wore the diamond-encrusted diadem which is the insignia of a royal wedding in Gongoda.

Eia Barbary was being married to Sandra Boma.

Savaran stared amazed and furious, the blood of anger rising hot to his head. It set throbbing a line of pain across his face, the weal of a whip-stroke not yet quite healed—so soon after scorn of him had Eia Barbary come to this!

He scowled as he looked closer. He saw more definitely that the girl's shirt was torn and how still she was, like something already dead. He saw dust on her cheek, a bruise on a smooth shoulder; saw that she ate nothing though Sandra Boma ogled and pawed her, offering choice tit-bits of meats with his brutish fingers.

And then as the fat king became too insistent her hand went up to brush his aside and Savaran saw gold chains upon her wrists.

She was to be a bride by force. She had ventured back into Gongoda despite his warnings, and Sandra Boma, who never could forego a desire and who felt safe in his vileness with Savaran away, had taken her.

Savaran glared at her in anger. This was the last possible occasion for his wanting to save her. This was the moment of moments when he must play Sandra Boma delicately. His ambition, his greatness, his empire depended on keeping the goodwill of the fat and suspicious king for the next few days.

It was the moment of his greatest stake and the gods of destiny had weighted the balance against him. Not only the winning of Sandra Boma, but the saving of this girl, was in the scales of chance.

A girl who had slashed his face in contempt—or the crown of his ambition? Eia Barbary—or an empire? Which was it to be?

His sardonic laugh startled the great feast. In the shock of silence that followed all eyes swung to him—Sandra Boma's in goggling fright; Eia Barbary with swift hope in her glance.

Savaran, ignoring Sandra Boma, ignoring the great crowd, looked only at Eia Barbary, his fierce smile full of irony.

Their eyes met, held for a breathless moment, then the light in her face died and she became still again and whiter. She was remembering her whip stroke and her contempt of him. Her slim throat quivered, then the small, proud head turned with a firm movement and she fixed her eyes upon her chained hands in her lap. Neither by word nor look could she appeal to this man whom she had insulted, though death and worse than death awaited her.

And Savaran, hawk-eyed, watching for weakness, laughed again and strode, a lean, menacing, and barbaric figure, to where Sandra Boma sat and shook. A hundred daggers were ready to leap out at the fat king's nod, and Savaran ignored them with his scornful back. He was Savaran and knew his power over men as well as kings.

He stared down at the flabby wretch and cried in harsh menace:

"What does a white woman alone on Sandra Boma's divan?"

"An honoured guest," Sandra Boma managed to mumble, his shifty eyes darting here and there seeking help. "She hunted near and I made this great feast in her honour."

"And put chains upon her wrists and the marriage circlet upon her head," said Savaran.

Sandra Boma's glances had told him that Savaran was alone. He said with a stubborn sullenness: "You warned her that I desired her and yet she came back. It is plain she is not unwilling to favour a king."

Savaran's sardonic glance turned on Eia Barbary. "I hope you appreciate the workings of the savage mind," he said, but the girl answered nothing, only shuddered.

"You know what the white man will think of such a shame," he said grimly to Sandra Boma.

"But he will not know," cried the fat king ingratiatingly. He had felt there was a hostile note in Savaran's word to the girl. "I have seen to that—very cleverly. In Kallat they think that she and three of her hunters have been destroyed by lions. I have sent garments of hers with blood on them and her broken gun to prove it, with men of my own to swear to it. Nobody saw my men take her but those three hunters. There is no one to make trouble."

"Except Savaran!" said Savaran.

"You are my man," snarled Sandra Boma, wincing but stubborn, "and she herself has spoken evil words of you. All Africa knows that. What does she matter to you?"

Eia Barbary gave a little shudder at that, but only from the way her hands gripped and by the stress of her bosom did she show the tumult in her heart.

"It is true, O Sandra Boma, that I am your man," said Savaran softly, "and through you I have greatness and power."

"All the riches you need are yours," the now beaming king cried. He snatched a chain of diamonds worth tens of thousands from his fat neck and flung it at Savaran's feet. "My diamonds, slaves, gold, lands—all you ask is for the asking, O Zavarani. What can Gongoda withhold from the greatest warrior of its history?"

Savaran looked at the girl, who looked up, caught the sardonic light in his eyes, and dropped hers, shivering gently. She understood. This was his day. The hour he had planned and fought for; the power, the spoils, the glory that had been the dream of his whole life. How could a woman who had struck him in contempt and then imperilled herself by refusing to take his advice expect him to fling away his triumph for her.

"Zavarani is wise," cajoled Sandra Boma. "What is a woman beside greatness—whatever her skin?"

"Aye, what?" asked the fierce adventurer. "Yet Savaran is Savaran—a strange, mad fellow." He said sharply in Creole French: "Stand up, Eia Barbary. Do as I order without hesitation." And in Swahili to the king: "Up, too, thou black snake, and walk before me."

Sandra Boma shuffled on his divan and screamed viciously: "Beware, white dog, I am king and my guards are about me."

"I am he who commands kings," cried the spider-spare man, and in a bound he was beside the fat monarch, had yanked him to his feet by his ear. There, holding his sovereign like a naughty schoolboy, Savaran faced the crowd—and so did the iron muzzle of his pistol.

There was a monkey-house babel of yells, over which Sandra Boma's shrill screech to slay sounded in frenzy. Three gold-decked guards lunged forward, spade-spears at ready; three flames spat from Savaran's weapon. Three gold-decked guards thereupon began to yelp and hop about on one leg—the

"It is unsportsmanlike to shoot sitting game," said Savaran. "Why lose the glory of taking Savaran alive ?"

right leg. A bullet had snicked through the left calf of each. All there began to huddle backwards, recalling that, among his other virtues, Savaran was the deadliest pistol shot in Africa.

Savaran splendid in exultance swung the whimpering king about.

"March to the door, little fat slug," he said. "Eia, go before. You will find my horse outside. You will find the king's stables to the left of the great court. Ride to it, bring three good horses." He plucked a jewelled dagger from Sandra Boma's sash and handed it to her to cut the halters. "Call through that window there when you are ready."

He backed until he leant against the wall, the king in front of him. His great voice rose: "And you, Gongoda dogs, silence, and down on your bellies all. He who rises, dies."

A wave of bodies sinking to the floor, a thick silence as the feasters obeyed. One lithe black did leap for the great door at the further end, and even as he leapt a bullet caught him in mid air and he died across the threshold. Silence again, more stark than ever, with Sandra Boma snivelling promise after promise of glory and wealth, for he feared death. The lean, fierce man paid not the slightest attention but kept his dark strong glance on the crowd, cowering it.

Then the sudden clatter of hoofs and the girl's voice calling, saying, "Shall I come in to help cover you? You can't possibly get out alone!"

She did not know Savaran. With a curt "No!" he snatched from the nearby wall one of the flaming torches. With a lightning gesture he touched to flame the gold tissue on Sandra Boma's overswaddled body, then with a kick he sent the blazing king among his people.

While the whole mob fought to save the sanctity of their ruler's person from the flames Savaran was outside and into the saddle and, taking the halter of one of the spare horses, was off.

But he rode first to the king's stables, a crazy structure of thatch on poles and here and there he thrust the flaming torch into the thatch. As he heard the panic among the stabled beasts his face broke into its wolf-smile. Thanks to the war against Taruk, there were few horses in Gongoda City beyond the king's. It would be hours before their enemies rescued and pacified those brutes enough to pursue them.

They rode at a gallop, striking north.

Eia Barbary swinging her mare level with him had cried:

"Ride west to Taruk and your armies, you can save the day yet."

"No," he said curtly. "Their drum signals will warn the villages on the march. We shall be taken before the second day's ride is done."

"But—but," she panted, "you lose everything this way, ambition, Empire. You can't do it."

"Savaran can," he grinned fiercely and struck spurs to flank. "It's his way."

Hurling through the night, league on league, they came presently to the branching of caravan routes. She expected him to bear east; he swung north—still north—riding harder.

Again she was at his side, slowing him with a hand on his arm: "Go east," she cried, "to Kallat?"

"Listen," he said, halting, and the very cock of his head seemed to bring to life the throb, throb, throb of bush drums. "Kallat is a week's riding and the road is strewn with villages. There is no chance that way. Ahead the frontier is but a night and day's ride across an almost empty land."

"But—but," she gasped. "It is the Anacora frontier."

"It is," he said and lifted his horse into movement again.

"But Lazaga waits for you at Anacora!" she cried, grasping his arm.

"Eagerly!" he grinned.

She gave a little gasp that might, also have been a sob. "Will—will he keep his promise to—to hang you?"

"He'll try," grinned Savaran, and his whip flicked the flank of her mare and they were galloping again.

Night helped them through such villages as there were, for the natives were too confused by the dark to do more than yell and fire at them. At dawn Savaran halted under a hill. He climbed it and came down grinning.

"A village a mile ahead through the scrub, with the local watch committee spread out to stop us—and I am also hungry," he said. And while she wondered what he meant, his sword was busy on the bushes about them.

In a few minutes he had piled and tied branches on the backs of the horses that had carried them so far, and over these branches he spread on one his own vivid and unmistakable cloak and on the other his horse blanket. Leading all four horses, he went stealthily through the scrub beyond the hill until he reached an open space that the villagers must see. Then with stinging cuts of the whip he drove the burdened horses across the open space.

They heard yells from the natives ahead, the sounds of the chase, and Eia Barbary realised that at a distance it must look as though two horsemen had suddenly turned aside from the trail at the sight of the villagers and were trying to make their escape through the scrub.

When the whole mob of blacks had streamed into the bush in pursuit of the animals Savaran and Eia mounted the spare horses and rode into the village. The women screamed and the old men looked defiant until Savaran's eagle-gaze touched them, then they brought water for the horses and themselves and food.

The young men were already running back to the village when they set out again, but Savaran did not bother. There were no horses in the place.

They rode on hard and in silence and by dusk were at the Anacora river with safety in sight. Savaran wheeled along the bank until he found the rope bridge across the swift narrow stream. and it was there Eia Barbary swung her horse to bar his way . . . for at their coming there had sprung up an activity on the other side, *dogaris* and their Portuguese officers springing to arms at the approach of strangers.

"Mr. Savaran—Philippe—whatever your name is—you can't do this! It is prison or death across that bridge for you."

He sat his horse with that mocking fierceness of his that was also a charm.

"Savaran," he said, "never does anything by halves. I will see you safe into the hands of someone responsible."

There came a shout from the bridge. "So it is the boaster," a big voice yelled. "I have you in the end."

Lazaga was on the bridge. Lazaga inflamed with triumph. Lazaga with pistols in each hand, while his bull voice shouted to his *dogaris* to line the bank with their rifles and shoot the dog Savaran if he dared try and ride off.

Savaran stiffened at that. Eia Barbary beside him, hand on his arm, lifted a face tremulous in its beauty.

"Escape, Savaran," she whispered. "You have given too much for a fool of a girl already. You must not give this. I couldn't bear it. See, I will ride between you and the bank until you are out of range, and they dare not shoot."

He looked at her, smiling grimly.

"And you would do this for the ragged adventurer?" he said.

"Savaran," she said chokingly. "Savaran—I would give you my life."

And then it was she who caught his hand and lifted it, and pressed it to her lips with a fierce passion.

"Savaran," she said again, "ask me and I, too, will ride with you—a ragged adventuress—to conquer the world."

He sat back on his horse and laughed softly.

"Yes," he said. "You are of the kingly kind, even as I, but such beauty as yours is only fit for an established throne."

He bent forward and kissed her on the lips.

"So I had better go and win another."

With a laugh he wheeled his horse and galloped away along the bank into the night. The rifles cracked and cracked, but the only interest he showed in them was to turn in his saddle and wave a splendid farewell to Eia Barbary.

Savaran could never resist a good curtain.

She had lived for this moment . . .

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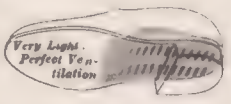

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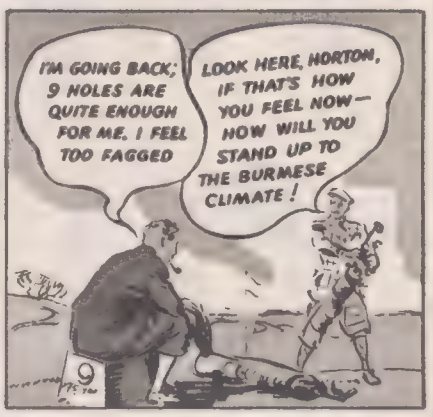

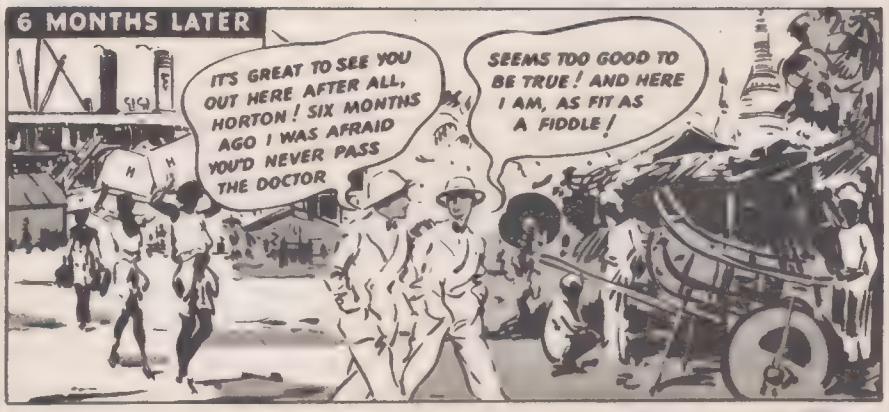

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Alice opened her bag, took out her lipstick and said something about finding a place for lunch.

Let *us* Dine

SHORT SHORT STORY

by **W. A. Sweeney**

Illustrated by Bertram Prance

THOUGH the marriage business (said Mr. Wiggins, caressing his silky white moustache) usually lacks the application of the principles of common sense that the accomplices would bring to bear on any other enterprise, Joe Sammers and Alice Merriway were exceptions. They were sensible enough to realise that marriage lasts for a lifetime, or should, and so they studied each others' characters before taking the fatal plunge.

As I have said, they were determined to make no mistake, and once, when both their families spent their holidays abroad in the Pyrenees, Joe (always with the idea of making sure that it would be the bird of paradise that would perch above their chamber door and not the croaking raven) took Alice on an excursion to view the beauties of that wild and enchanting country.

"Had a good time?" his father asked, when he came back.

"We went to Pau," replied Joe, gloomily. "I can hardly say that I enjoyed it."

"How's that?"

"You know Pau?" Joe said to his parent, who nodded. "It was a beautiful day and with the sun shining on all those mountains it was like one of those ecstatic revelations given from time to time, in the history of man, to poets like Dante. I felt as if I could fall down on my knees. . . . The peak of the Midi d'Ossau, standing alone in the middle, its mouth open and eating the clouds, the peaks of the others to right and left, stretching their necks to look at the sea, glaciers here, glaciers there, white and glistening like something that has fallen from out of heaven, mountains blue and white in alignment, and the river running before all that and the perfume of flowers hanging in the air like incense. . . . You can imagine how I felt, I who love all that even as you do, perhaps more. Nearly unable to speak, I turned to Alice to see how she was taking it. Do you know what she did? She opened her bag, took out her lipstick, and said something about finding a place for lunch!"

Joe's father nodded.

"She has no sense of that kind of beauty whatever," pursued his son.

"Hm!" said his father, still reflecting. "See what you mean, of course. Lacks the sense of landscape, the taste for the beauty of nature, and so on. But, after all, I wonder if a sense of landscape is absolutely essential to happiness in the little nest for two, or matrimonial felicity, if you prefer it. But, damn it, it's late. Time for dinner, my boy."

Some time after this, Alice after having been for a walk one afternoon with Joe in London, entered her home looking rather like a rose that has lost its petals.

"What's the matter with you?" asked her mother.

"Everything," replied Alice.

"You went for a walk with Joe. Where did you go?"

"Wandered about the West End, mostly. I wanted to see the shops in Oxford Street."

"They must be wonderful just now," said her mother, musingly.

"Marvellous. Furs, jewels—ready for the season. If you saw Madeleine and Lisette's window, mother. Dazzling! I nearly fell down on my knees. There was a necklace there, diamonds in platinum, composed of two strings, three diamonds falling under each festoon, and pearls set in diamonds at intervals of every four festoons!"

"I must go and see it to-morrow," said Alice's mother, fervently.

"What a treasure!" went on her daughter, her eyes shining with the lights that traverse the seventh heaven. "And do you know what Joe did while I was gazing at it in ecstasy?"

"I don't know. What?"

"He was talking about the necessity of strengthening the navy to a pal of his he had met on the pavement. Yes, the navy."

Alice picked up her hat again, like Sarah Bernhardt registering the depths of disillusionment just before the curtain drops. "It's discouraging. The trouble with poor Joe is that he has no sense of beauty in things."

A few weeks after this, Alice was invited by Joe's parents to dinner. It was a very special dinner, for it was Joe's mother's birthday, as a matter of fact. It must be admitted that since the discovery in the face of the Pyrenees mountains and the shocking disillusionment in Oxford Street, both of them had had regrets about each other from time to time.

Before that dinner had advanced very far a certain dish appeared on the table and Joe, in silence and a kind of trance, had three helpings. Alice had two goes and then continued to regard the masterpiece with a light in her eye that suggested that she would like to take what was left of it up to bed with her.

"Good heavens, mother!" said Joe, at last. "This is delicious. What is it anyway?"

"That, Joe, is *salmi* of woodcock."

"How do you make it, Mrs. Sammers?" asked Alice, leaning forward, earnestly. "It's divine," she added, almost in a whisper.

"It's very simple," said Joe's mother. "You take six woodcock, cut them in two, cover in breadcrumbs and *pâté de foie gras* and bacon, cook on a slow fire for eighteen minutes, add anchovy butter, two small glasses of brandy, four drops of permanganate, the juice of a lemon, half a glass of vodka, and serve on toast with a touch of black currant jelly. I shall write out the recipe for you, if you like, Alice," she added, turning to the girl with a smile.

"Do," said Joe enthusiastically.

"If you'd be so kind," murmured Alice, blushing a little and turning a shy smile to Joe.

There was also a stuffed chicken *à la Perigourdine* (as Joe's mother explained technically) which met with general approval and caused Joe to forget the Pyrenees long enough to squeeze Alice's knee, but whether he was expressing his enthusiasm for her or the chicken she wasn't for the moment, absolutely certain. At the *Fougassettes de Nice* Joe did his come-back act again, and so did Alice.

As a matter of fact, just about this point a great truth was dawning in the hearts of both of them and Joe looked at her.

"Isn't that a poem?" he asked.

"Ravishing; heavenly," she replied, with her eyes, for she couldn't speak as her mouth was full. Joe understood.

The great truth that was expanding within them, like a flower, was that if they didn't see eye to eye on mountains and necklaces, in the matter of eats they were twin souls on a straight line.

Joe's father had a fine taste in wines and his favourite was burgundy. The Chambertin and the champagne were beyond reproach, and as Joe and Alice regarded each other over the rims of their glasses, with sparkling eyes, their ideas about all things aesthetic diminished to vanishing point.

Joe got her in a corner on the way to the drawing-room later.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "I could eat you."

"Darling! After that dinner!" said Alice, brightly. "But I, too; I adore you."

"We'll get married next month," said Joe.

"When you wish, dear," said Alice, and they kissed. "Remind me," she said, when he released her, "to get that recipe from your mother to-night, sweetheart."

Well, they were married, of course, and a fine wedding they had. I was at it. The other day I was walking with them in London and a little incident took place that caused me to reflect on the miracles that old man Love has been working since the beginning of time.

Joe stopped to look up at the sky. It was late afternoon and the sun, hanging in the heavens like a blazing, golden ball, had shot the skies with red, melting away into faint, fleecy rose, and the high windows of the shops flamed as if on fire. Alice stopped with him and they both stood gazing at the wondrous firmament as if transfigured, in silence.

Yes, I reflected, Love had done his work. The all-powerful kneader of spirits and characters had made of two souls one and the same substance.

"What does it remind you of, dear?" asked Joe, in a voice husky with emotion and still gazing heavenwards.

"*Pêche Melba*," whispered Alice. "Raspberry vinegar, ice-cream, and all."

"Just what I was thinking," replied Joe in a low voice, squeezing her arm tenderly.

They started back to camp, with me in the centre.

What Happened *to*

READ THIS FIRST

JERRY HARDY, mining graduate, arrives at an old home near Toronto in answer to an advertisement calling for a young man who has nothing to lose but his life. Here Cyrus Merton, crippled mining engineer, relates his story.

While on a prospecting expedition in the British Columbia mountains with his daughter, Janis, a capable outdoor girl aged 20, and with Hodge, an old-timer, who found some rich pieces of quartz, and Williams, a pilot, they settle at a lake near a peculiar shaped mountain peak where Hodge has built two cabins. Hodge falls ill and Janis remains behind to nurse him, while Merton and Williams go prospecting and make a second camp. On their third night there they see in the distance a strangely shaped flame rise briefly from the face of the distant arrow-shaped peak. It appears curiously in conjunction with the rising moon. Unreasonably this sight worries them, causing them to fly back next afternoon to find their cabins and all possessions disappeared as if into thin air. Search reveals the body of Hodge with his head pulled off, evidently by something with appalling strength. There is no sign of Janis.

After being injured when their plane crashes, they return the following season when Williams and another flyer vanish and are never heard of again.

Jerry accepts the job of locating the missing girl, and he and Louis Warner, a pilot friend of Cyrus Merton, set off in a specially designed plane and land on a plateau near the peak.

Leaving Louis on guard, Jerry finds, and climbs, a huge ladder to a ledge on the peak. Here he finds a tunnel-like opening to a great cave in which he sees about 300 hairy giants engaged in a queer ceremony before a gold quartz altar, on which is bound a woman whom he believes to be Janis. He shoots the two hairy leaders as they are about to light a sacrificial fire, and draws the whole band in pursuit of him. Now read on

AT the end of the tunnel Jerry whirled round and fired three times at his pursuers, before continuing on his headlong flight. Revealing moonlight gave speed to his going. Over the basalt column and down the ladder he went, dropping two rungs at a time as he neared the bottom on seeing swarthy shapes far more nimble on the ropes than he, for all their size.

The ragged slopes and ledges, the farther valley and the near plateau showed in detail in a light almost as that of day. Already well ahead of him Jerry saw the speeding form of Louis making for the plane.

As he settled into flight Jerry felt that college does benefit a man. His days of track work, though considerably in the past, now counted, particularly because his recent work in the relief camp had kept him fit. The going in places was fairly good under foot. The steepness of the descent, however, forced him to keep a stern check upon his pace. Still he quickly gained upon Louis. This indication of the good time he was making heartened him to slacken for a backward studying glance. His heart leaped with satisfaction. While it was impossible to be absolutely certain, it seemed the entire band was strung out in pursuit. Upon the psychological impulse that every one of the hairy men would be drawn after him to the immediate forgetting of their interrupted ceremony and their as yet unburned victim, depended the success of his suddenly conceived plan. He was further heartened by seeing that in flight he was holding his own.

The way led for some distance upon a grassy ridge where Jerry for the first time could safely let himself go full speed. He came abreast of Louis and slowed. The rasping breath of his companion warned him how nearly done was Louis. Jerry glanced to where the plane showed still an eighth of a mile distant. He turned his head, measuring the distance between them and the half dozen giants well in the lead of the scattered band, noting with surprise as he did that these huge bulks following were far less effective at running than he would have thought. In any case, if Louis was to reach the plane, the pace must be momentarily slackened.

"Slow down," he snapped.

As Louis still continued his mad plunging forward, Jerry caught his left shoulder and brought him to a stop. In the half minute of rest they lost precious yards of lead. Yet Louis went on more easily. Jerry, still fresh, slackened his run to remain beside his companion.

With the plane a few hundred yards away, Jerry's backward glance warned him that by the time he reached it, at least eight of their pursuers would be close upon them. The eight were, however, so far in advance of the nearest others that the chances were all in their favour to shoot it out with the leaders before the rest came up.

With staggering spurt and sobbing breath Louis covered the final yards and clung a moment hopeless to the cockpit side.

Jerry swung around with drawn gun beside the wing of the plane to stare with unbelieving eyes. The giants, from headlong forward charging, had come to a stiff-legged jerking halt. Drawn close together they stood staring.

HERE was a lucky break, if ever, that these wild men should fear this vast bird.

The plane roared into charging movement. The giants threw themselves flat in homage. With Louis at the stick, Jerry fitted on a parachute, also making fast to himself two extra ones, and wrapping up a cardboard lunch box and a light blanket.

In answer to his commands screamed in Louis's ear, the plane flew low swinging straight for the ledge. Looking below in the light of the full moon Jerry saw that all the hairy men had been drawn sufficiently far away—*if all had been drawn after him?*

Louis nodded his head in answer to his final gesture. Out upon the wing of the plane Jerry poised ready. As the throttled-down plane came in close to the low shoulder of the mountain, near the ledge, Jerry went over with that queerly easy appearing motion that had cost him so many heart-failing trials months before. It was a queer sensation, this "taking to the silk," at once fearsome and queerly exhilarating.

As he went dropping down, the plane turned sharply, soared straight into the face of the now all silvery moon.

Jerry made a landing so close to the ladder as to be highly pleasing. At the ladder's foot he lost several minutes in unloosening the lines from the steadying boulders. As he climbed upward, toward the ledge, a long wailing cry far below warned him his movements were discovered. The moon, so friendly an aid in the past half hour, was now an enemy. Once on top of the ledge, for all his eagerness to go forward, Jerry braced himself there for the so necessary first task. As he had climbed the ladder, some inkling of what he was up against had come. He began hauling up the ladder. With the first two rung lengths in over the edge of the ledge he knew he had only half anticipated. He had not realised until now exactly how much strands like these could weigh.

Standing a little back from the ledge edge, with

Continuing

The Altar of the Moon

by

FRANCIS DICKIE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN F. CLYMER

legs wide apart, he drew the lines in between them, piling them behind. When he had drawn up a dozen rung-lengths, so stiff did the fibre prove to be he saw he had started too close to the cliff edge to permit piling handily. He was further handicapped in that, as the ladder was hanging over the column, in drawing in he had to pull at a right angle. Yet that ladder had to be drawn up. Stepping farther back he began a second pile.

All this time the weight below dragged with a weight that tore more heavily at his arm and back muscles with every passing second. There was no way to gain a second's respite from this strain, for to let go was to have all he had piled up be drawn back. Yet with perhaps a quarter of the ladder's total length heaved atop the ledge, his aching arm warned he could never stand it until such time as the slack on the ledge outweighed the drag from below. His strength failed. His cramping hands let go. The brown lines went slipping over the cliff edge.

Conscious how desperate was the need of hurry, he turned about seeking inspiration to meet the situation fast appearing hopeless. Twenty feet away he found the answer in an upright piece of basalt of several hundred pounds, an upright piece, part of a long projection that had once reared upright from the peak higher up and been broken off perhaps millions of years before. Jerry saw that over this piece of basalt the ladder between the rungs would fall nicely. Bracing himself he began hauling. The ladder refused to come up. Jerry dropped his hold, sprang to the edge, looked over. Already many feet upward climbing was the first of the returning hairy men. With dropping heart Jerry saw a dozen others would soon be at the ladder's foot. Remembering his cartridges were perhaps equally precious as minutes, he took care in aiming, fired. The climber went whirling downward, a black spotch in the moonlight.

Clutching the ladder Jerry heaved upon it as never before, stepping backward as he did so. It required his last ounce of strength and body straining to drop the first loop over the upthrusting rock. But the immediate relaxing this gave his muscles, gave new strength. Faster now he hauled till the last of it lay piled safely.

Taking up his load of parachutes and the lunch box and blanket he hurried through the tunnel. Just beyond the entrance to the cave two bodies sprawled, thrown out of the way by the recently pursuing crowd Jerry glimpsed them only half seeing as his eyes sped on to the glittering altar.

In the light of the moon filtering through the great tube-like opening he saw the white form on the stretcher lay unchanged. In his concentration Jerry failed to observe that all the details around were not quite the same.

On the run he crossed the cavern, turned the corner of the altar and bounded up the first two of flights of steps.

Janis

Drawing his knife he cut at the thongs of cedar bark binding her ankles. Against the stout fibre the blade worked slowly, forcing Jerry to saw back and forward, drawing the blade upward. Around her waist the thicker band took even longer. As he began upon the wrapping around her hands, he looked into her eyes and was startled at the horror there. He had thought she would look joyful instead. Puzzled, he still however continued to slash away with the blade of his small knife at the still more complicated bands of cedar holding her wrists bound in a peculiar manner so that her hands lay in a folded position across the breast. The broad band covering her mouth he left until the last.

Then, just as the final strand parted, freeing her hands, his two legs were gripped and jerked from under him, and his thigh pained with the feeling that a toothed vice had closed upon it.

Jerry, plunging heavily forward, struck the floor of the altar. Dazed, yet with a hold on consciousness, and the open jack-knife remaining firmly gripped, Jerry rolled sideways, bending his body in an endeavour to rise at the waist and both see and strike his antagonist. However, the clear space remaining upon the altar top after the huge pile of boughs had been raised was only a little more than the width of his body. His own fierce exertions and those of his attacker in the next second sent them both rolling over the edge.

Jerry took the ten-foot drop full on his stomach. The world reeled, and nausea turned him faint. Yet he felt the grip upon his thigh and the holding arms about his legs relax. He reared himself to his knees and pivoting about saw on all fours one of the cedar robed priests of the altar. Fresh blood now streamed fast from a broken clot formed on a long wound across one side of the old man's forehead. Even the little deeply sunken eyes in that so backward sloping skull, for all their ferocity, had a dazed filmy look. All this Jerry saw in that star-falling flash of time before the huge form reared a little and threw itself heavily forward upon him, carrying him backward. As Jerry went flat, and with those clutching hands upon his shoulders closing tighter to pin him down, he drove his right hand furiously in and upward, sinking the blade to the haft in the stomach, a viciously ripping blow, aided in effectiveness by the forward downward movement of his antagonist so close above him.

For all this vital thrust, deadly to an ordinary man, the great face of the hairy one came lunging toward his throat. Jerry ducked his head, sinking chin upon his breast, his left hand beating upward to push away the opposing body, all the while his right bore upward upon the blade.

The hot breath, the dripping saliva were upon his cheek. The huge face moved nearer to close teeth upon the expanse of Jerry's neck when above the terrible visage flashed something white. Up, down, up, down.

The distended mouth of the wild man, about to close and crush, sagged. A groan escaped as he keeled over sideways.

The blonde girl, a blood-stained chunk of quartz in either hand, stepped aside the fallen monster as Jerry wriggled clear.

"Thanks a lot. Only for you I was a goner. And *you're* Janis, aren't you?"

He held out a bloody hand. She let the quartz pieces fall, and took it. From out of a mass of tremendously long and thick blonde hair, two big blue eyes looked upon him with a queer hungry look. Her lips were blue. Her teeth were chattering.

"I'm a bit queer, you know—two years never seeing anybody—two years without talking."

Jerry dropped her hand. Like that moment in Eden after the eating of the apple, he was now acutely aware of something which desperate necessity and excitement before had made unthought of. A little shakily he went around the altar to where he had dropped his load. He broke out the blanket.

"Here, wrap yourself in this." Bundling it he threw it around the corner.

The heap of coals still glowed upon the fires before the altar. Jerry ascended to the altar, threw down some bundles of wood. He placed one of these on the fire, drew two more up as seats.

The blanket around her bare chilled body, Janis came and sat down. Jerry was about to drop down beside her, for he was shaky and needed rest, when suddenly he recollected :

"Great heavens, I must watch the cliff face. They may already have made fast another line."

"No. Don't worry. We're safe. The ladder is the only heavy line they've got within fifty miles of here. You're not hurt?"

"No. My thigh's sore. Lucky for me these heavy trousers and underwear one needs in flying, they kept his teeth from more than bruising. I felt like I'd been clamped in a vice."

Assured against the hairy men's return, Jerry recalled something else. He opened the lunch box. Taking out a two-quart thermos bottle, he poured her a cupful. She took it with strange eagerness. Three times she held out the empty cup for more.

"Gee, after lying in this drafty cave for hours with nothing on, you know what it feels like."

A new light came into her big blue eyes. Her full lips glowed redly.

Between them they drank half the coffee, ate half the contents of the lunch box of roast beef sandwiches and cake Jerry had obtained at the hotel shortly before leaving. There was also stored in the plane what Jerry called the disaster box; a dozen tins of fish, meat, blocks of chocolate, hard biscuit and a flask of brandy.

"There's nothing we can do until daylight. So, as you're absolutely sure there's no way the hairy men can get at us, we'll just sit by the fire and talk."

"We're all right, take it from me. And, after two years, believe me, there's darned little I don't know about them and their country. But never mind that. Tell me about father."

Jerry did so and gave a full account of how he had come to be here. When he had concluded, she pressed for news of the world. For fully an hour he strove to recall all the outstanding happenings of the past two years.

When he concluded, Janis recalled something she had intended to say.

"You know, it was only a few seconds before you came back that the old fellow staggered up and had a look at me. He was pretty groggy. Your bullet must have creased him, stunning him for quite a while. Yet when he came to, the first thing he seems to have thought of was his duty. He stood looking at me, and I could fathom in his glazed eyes he was pondering what was the correct thing to do in this unheard of situation. He must have decided I wasn't to be bumped off just then, for he went away.

"He must have just been going down the steps when he heard the sound of your coming, and then crouched behind the stairway and then followed you up. That's why I was so terrified. I saw him come around the pile, but you started freeing me from the feet upward and you couldn't read the message I tried to send even when you looked into my eyes."

Jerry accepted ruefully the explanation, replied defensively : "I did that because it was most important to restore circulation. A woman finds her tongue quickly enough."

She made a face at him. "Those cedar bands are very broad, so I wasn't half so stiff as if I had been tied with rope. You noticed how quick I was able to get into action."

He nodded. His eyes spoke the extent of his gratitude. It was chill in the cave despite the summer season. Jerry laid more bundles on the fire.

"Now, young lady, it's your turn. What a gift you'd be to a bunch of reporters!"

"They wouldn't have space, for nobody would believe what I have to tell."

"Never mind anybody but me. After what I've seen to-night, I'll believe anything. And I'm all eaten up with curiosity."

"Father has told you how he and Williams left the cabins for the other camp. It was early in the afternoon of the day they left. Hodge was in bed with the grippe. I went down to the lake for a couple of pails of water. As I turned to come back I saw a whole crowd of these shaggy people break from the cover of the balsams. Some came toward me, others ran to the cabins. I've always fancied myself as having plenty of nerve. But this was something so strange and terrible, I dropped the pails, turned and ran. Ever since coming to the camp I had been wearing light khaki trousers and running shoes. Did I go fast! The wild men are not speedy. I was scared as never in my life. Still not so much that I couldn't think.

"I headed for the timber. With my lead I easily got away from them. I turned and twisted in and about among the trees, crawled through thickets, until I felt I had gone far enough they couldn't possibly find me. Then I climbed a small balsam tree about twenty feet, and made myself as comfortable as I could.

"I was quite pleased with myself. Presently I heard noises below. In another minute half a dozen of the hairy men were under the tree looking up. I had never reckoned on their sense of smell. They can follow a track like a wolf. I was still scared. They are such terrible looking creatures at first sight. Yet something, my good luck, or whatever it is helps people at certain times, prompted me to climb down and quietly face them. My heart was beating so I could hear it.

"They seemed surprised, just like when a cross dog has come rushing at you and you've kept walking to him, he stops short. Perhaps that's a bad example, but you get what I mean. They had seen men before, as I afterwards learned, but never a woman. My blonde hair fascinated them. Anyway, after looking me over carefully, they started back to camp, with me in the centre.

(*Continued on page* 16)

Continuing What Happened *to* Janis

"I thought it out afterwards, the smoke from the cabins had attracted their attention to the camp. A gathering of about three hundred of them, all adults of this strange people, had come from the higher region to a yearly ceremonial in this queer cave. Children under fifteen are left at the main camp in the mountains. They've been doing this ceremonial, as far as I can learn, for countless centuries at the full of the moon in July. And to get material for their ceremonial fire had come to the edge of the balsams and so were attracted to our camp.

"At the time I did not know what had happened to Hodge. Later, when I got to learn their simple language, I found out they had killed him and other men. They always killed them because they were males. But a female, and a blonde one like me was a precious find, the most perfect thing to serve for the annual sacrifice. Lucky for me the sacrifice is always chosen a long way in advance. Among them the girl to be sacrificed, and it's always a girl, knows all about it. It is indeed a very great honour, and she and her family are proud.

"The victims don't have to be bound as I was. They walk quietly to the sacrifice pile. At a certain moment of the moon's coming up, which they can note by a shadow in the opening behind the altar, priests make fire and set the pile alight. As the flame flares up one of them cuts the throat of the sacrifice. The flame burns high. At the moment the moon clears the peak, the fire has reached its height. Then they scatter it on the altar. The sacrifice of course has not had time to be burned away, but is fairly well cooked. They then carry it down, build up the lower fires, divide the body up and eat it.

"With them the moon is a great goddess, mother of fertility. The sacrifice pleases her, and each one of the tribe who eats some of it is assured health and strong progeny. But the most important part of the ceremony is that the fire must be built to burn only until a certain moment when the light from it will not conflict with the rays of the rising moon. This it seems would be fatal. Thus the fire is built to burn only until a certain instant when the moon clears the peak.

"The fire is then scattered. The little fires inside of course cannot conflict, as they do not refract far enough out to meet the light of the moon. The shape of this opening and also the peak above, so oddly alike in columnar form, has also a symbolical relation in their primitive religion, that is based upon the fundamental workings of nature.

"To find a place conforming with all these requirements probably was mighty difficult. And once found, the hairy people have been coming here probably since the beginning of the custom among them. Here's another curious thing."

Janis went to the altar and selected a piece of quartz.

"Look at this closely. Notice the white; and how the gold shows in it. Now, think of the full moon. Recall how the dark masses in it show against the gleaming white. Do you get the startling connection? Isn't it a remarkable resemblance? And from creatures so low in the mental scale as they truly are in most ways."

"It is fascinating."

"Yes. But go and look at the moon. It will strike you even more so. Even though the masses in the moon aren't golden for some reason the gold in the quartz still seems to intensify the comparison. And so these poor creatures for countless centuries at the bidding of their old belief have been forced to toil and search thousands of square miles around in these mountains for rich gold quartz. Year by year they have added to their altar until it is the magnificent thing you see. And they must go on doing this apparently until the end of time, putting a value on this quartz and gold."

A queer sigh escaped Jerry. "It's just as I thought," he explained. "There isn't any one main lode or two or three from which these pieces have come. As you tell me, they are the result of painstaking gathering from perhaps thousands of places. Your father and I discussed some such possibility. So there goes our dream of a mine rich beyond anything yet in the world."

"Why, what's the matter with you! You're kicking at missing a next to impossible mine, and all the time here's several million dollars at the very least all nicely gathered for you in one spot for the carrying away—dumped right into your lap, and you're mourning! Why, man alive, you're saved work, mining machinery, everything! I'm not the daughter of a mining engineer for nothing!"

The vigour of her disapproval made Jerry smile. Only a woman of strong mind and perfect physique could have remained herself as she had done, Jerry thought as he gazed at her seated beside the fire. The folds of the green Hudson Bay blanket set off strikingly the tangled mass of her glorious blonde hair.

"As I've said, the smoke of our cabins evidently attracted them when they came to gather wood nearby. Now you can realise the wood gathering is quite a task. The fuel has to be very dry for quick burning, so they have to carefully select the boughs and small trunks. Naturally, you understand how tickled they were at finding our cabins; the small lodge poles were bone dry and small enough to be easily broken up in suitable lengths. And the rest of the things were curiosities. Most of them they didn't know what to do with, but they carried them away just the same. I saw one young fellow, who was carrying a bag of quartz for the altar, throw it into the bushes because he was so loaded with loot. Perhaps he came back for it, for they are rather particular about handling the quartz."

"No, your father found it."

"With three hundred husky birds as these wild men are, you can see it wasn't hard for them to carry off every single thing. I walked along in the procession. We came to their rough camping place on a fairly level stretch not far from the ledge. They left most of the plunder there.

"Then we went on to the foot of the peak underneath the ledge. Two of them who carried the rope ladder strung on a pole—they keep it cached throughout the year in a little cave in a nearby valley—dropped it to the ground. One of the old men you saw leading in the ceremonial rites produced a stone about the size of a grape fruit with a deep groove chipped around it. To this he fastened one end of a light line of cedar bark.

"When he had done this he began throwing the stone upward in an endeavour to get it over the basalt column jutting over the edge of the ledge. Well, you've played ball. Imagine what a job he faced. Eighty feet up, and the weight of the line dragging and swinging to spoil his aim. For this reason, and to make due allowance for all the other preparations, they always arrived several days in advance of the time of the ceremony.

"The first old man threw and threw. Twice he got the stone over, but with too much power, and the line slid along the smooth top of the basalt column and off the end. And all the time this was going on, the whole mob cheered and groaned with the movement of the stone. The thrower was finally too tired to try any more. His companion started.

"Then I had an idea. Standing near me was one of the younger men who had carried off one of my bows and some arrows. He hadn't left these with the rest of the loot. I have an idea he brought them along to burn on the sacrificial fire.

"Curiously enough, though these people have had to hunt their food for an incredibly long time, they only catch both deer and grouse in snares of different strength. They dig pits at carefully chosen points and sometimes manage this way to get goats and bears. At other times the hunters with clubs go out in groups and round the bears up and beat them to death. They also gather huge quantities of salmon berries, strawberries and other small fruits.

"Then every autumn they go to where several streams run out of a mountain lake. Up these streams the salmon run from the rivers emptying into the sea to spawn. Yet these people, for all their depending on hunting, have never invented anything more complicated than a club.

"Well, I hadn't anything to lose, and everything to win by making a favourable impression. So I went to the young fellow who had my bow and arrows and, with signs and making friendly eyes at him, got him to hand them over. I must explain these people were very gentle with me right from the first.

"With the bow and an arrow in my hand, I walked to where the old man, that is the second of the two in charge of ceremonies, was now tiring himself out trying to put the stone over. He scowled at me.

"I was pretty shaky, but I walked as bold as anything to where the stone had just fallen. I picked it up and undid the line. He let a howl out of him and jumped to my side. Then his curiosity won. He watched me tie the line to the arrow. I fitted it to the bow, took an extra careful aim, an extra strong draw, and over it went with enough force to carry the arrow far over. It came down.

"You ought to have seen them. They howled. They danced for joy and wonder. A stronger line was now tied on to the first one. When this was over and down, the ladder was pulled up. The lightest member in the crowd climbed up and made it fast, while the lower ends were made fast to two boulders to steady it.

"Then the rest of the preparations were finished in the next two days. On the evening of the third, here in the cave, I saw the ceremony, such as you have just witnessed. Only the victim was as nearly as happy as anybody could be under such circumstances, for, no matter how great the honour, I'm quite sure they don't like to go before their time any more than we do. The sacrifice for the next summer had already been chosen before leaving camp. She is kept at the back of the altar during the ceremony to be brought out later and be sprinkled with a little of the blood of the sacrifice."

"That certainly was a nice party you had to attend on your first acquaintance with the new folks!"

"The day after, the march began back to the main summer camp. And so my new life started with these strange half-human animals. Except on rare occasions of some ceremonial, they ate their food raw. But I was awfully lucky because they had carried off everything from our camp. In the loot were all my clothes. As I've said, they were all very gentle with me. They are, for all their terrible looks, very gentle with each other, seldom quarrel. After you get to know them they really don't look so bad.

"For some natural reason, I don't know what governs such things, more girls are born than boys. When the girls come of age they are allotted to one of the men in such a way as to keep them fairly evenly divided up. Each man has a group of women varying from three to five. I suppose I would have been allotted in the usual manner except for their deciding at once upon me as a moon sacrifice.

"A moon sacrifice must be a maiden. Because of this I had the freedom of the camp. So, when we got back to the summer headquarters, which is a lot of caves in a valley about sixty miles from here, I gathered up my clothes, the cooking utensils, all the food, most of which was in tins, a camp cot and some blankets, and a few other things. This way I was able to make myself pretty comfortable in the little cave assigned to me.

"If it hadn't been for worrying about father, I would have been having a really good time. The little kids used to come and see me, most of them bigger than me by the time they were six years old. They would roll around and have fights; but the poor things hadn't any games except chasing each other around like cats. About the only thing these people make are cedar ropes, and bags and ceremonial dresses made from the bark. Sometimes in very cold weather they tied pieces of skin around their body or their feet.

"I took some of their finest cedar twine and wrapped it very tight around a round pebble and made a ball about the size of a baseball. I showed some of the kids how to play catch with it, and to knock it with a club for the others to catch or run after.

"Believe me, that started something! In a few hours the whole camp was at it. I just naturally had to make more balls. That started me branching out with my ideas. I decided to make a football. I'm sorry now we won't ever be able to take some of these fellows to the outside. On a gridiron they would be irresistible. To complete my football I had to go out with the next hunting party.

"When the shaggy men raided the cabins they carried away two rifles. Worse luck, one of them had used the best rifle as a walking stick, breaking it before we reached camp. The other, a .30-.30 carbine however, was all right. For this there was not quite a full box of cartridges.

"It didn't take me long to get the run of things at camp. A few days later I saw a number of the young men, carrying clubs, gather, and knew they were going hunting. I brought out the gun and swung into step with them. By this time anything I did was all right. They hadn't the faintest idea of the power of my 'club.'

NEXT WEEK
AN ADVENTUROUS HUNTING TRIP

Thursday Next Week

Owing to the Easter Holidays next week's issue of "The Passing Show" will be on sale on Thursday, April 9.

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"Good heavens! Full dress again to-night ?"

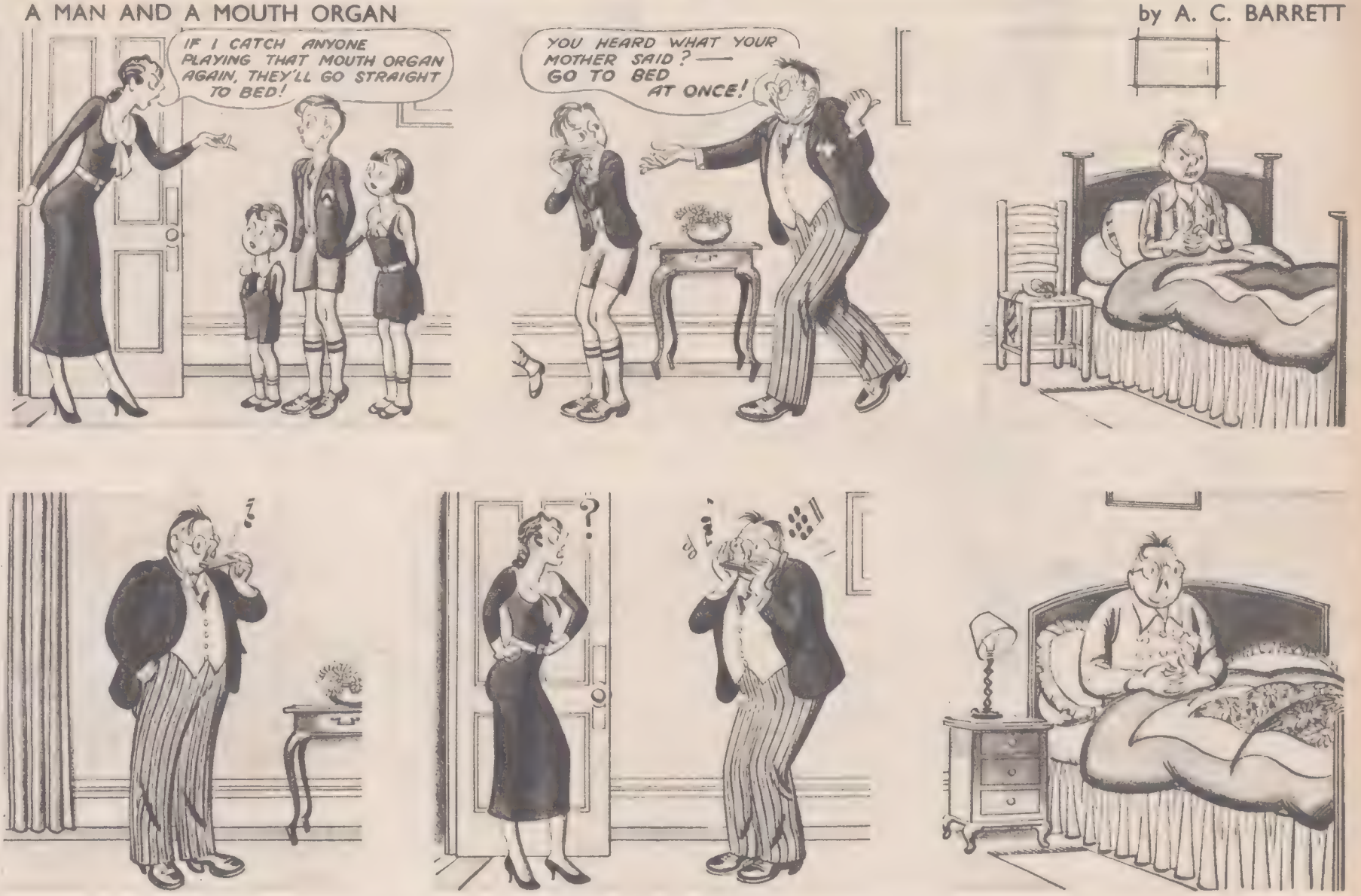
"Put that book away! This is getting me nervous."

"Oh, George! You *would* camp at Whipsnade; you see, it *wasn't* our horse you caught last night."

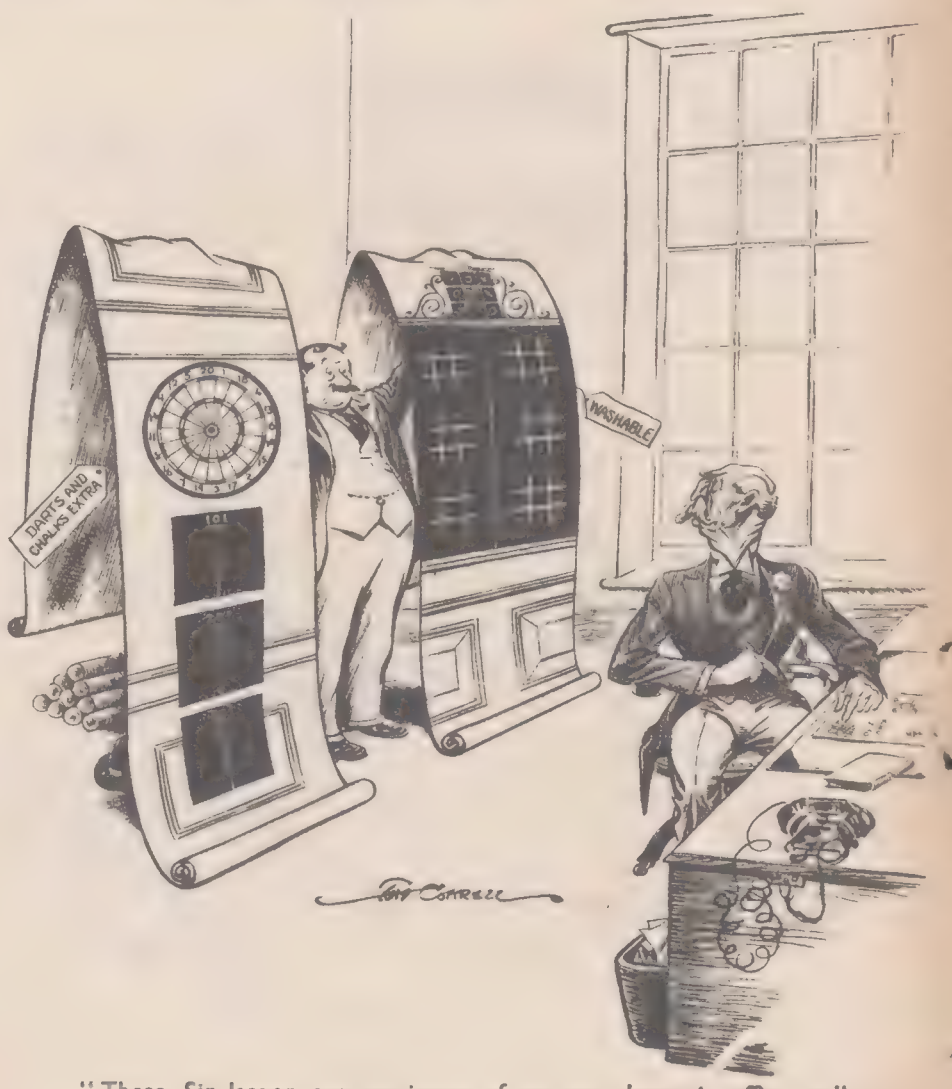
"How on earth did *you* get in here ?"

A MAN AND A MOUTH ORGAN

by A. C. BARRETT



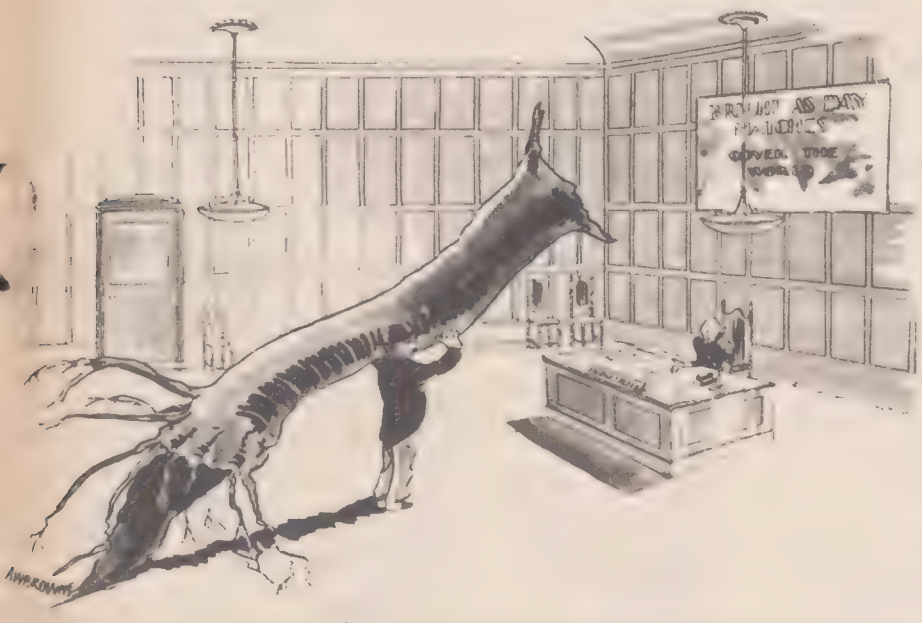
"It's an egg."



"These, Sir Jasper, are specimens of our very latest in office wall coverings."

"This is a darned fine time to be playing practical jokes."

"I wish I hadn't promised to help with that bird migration census."



"A gentleman has called with a tree he wishes to sell."

"Look at what your wretched grass snakes have done to my husband."

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

"I have poured a good lot of oil in the tank so all should be well."
"What do you mean by tank ? That was my ear."
Workenshaw, Essen.

"Just look ! That is how women are encroaching on the labour market."
Sondagsnisse Strix, Stockholm.

"Be quick ! I've only got one sausage left." *Humoristicke Listy*, Prague.

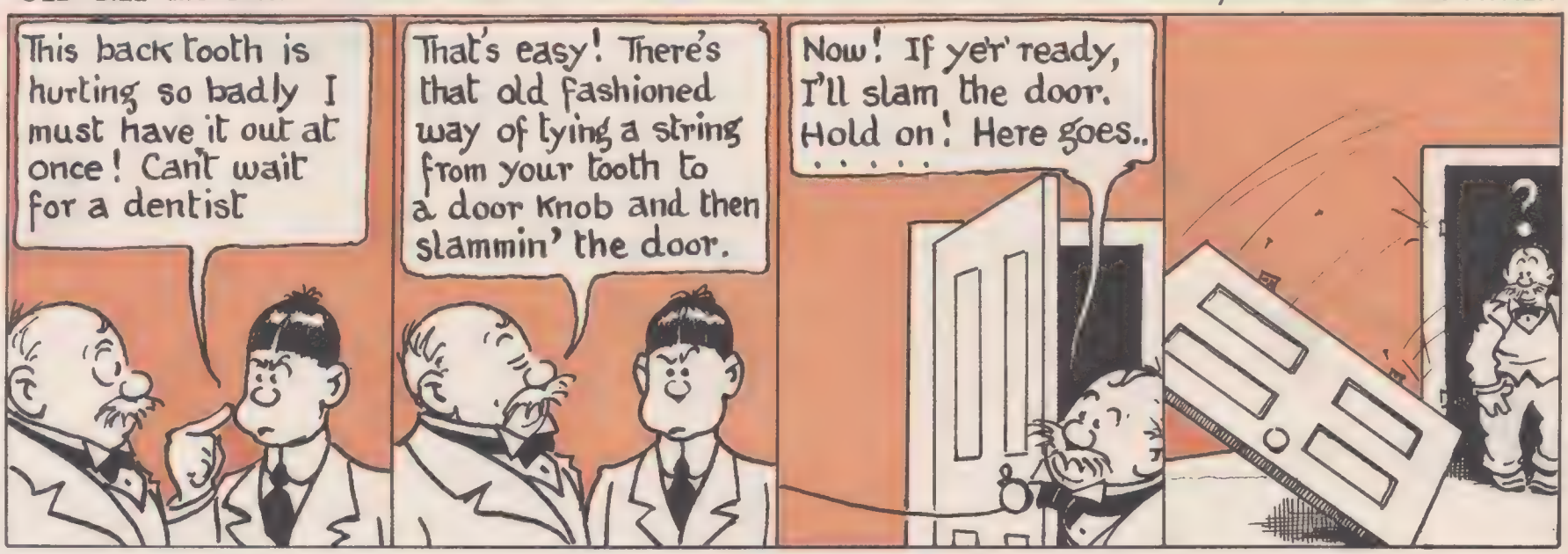
CHIP

"I'm sorry, sir, but a wedding party has hired every chair in the place."

Pay when you can—said the Easy Payment Man—
And landed me—so kindly with smart raiment.
But when there came a day—on which I couldn't pay—
He took the blessed lot back—in part payment!

OLD BILL and BERT

By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



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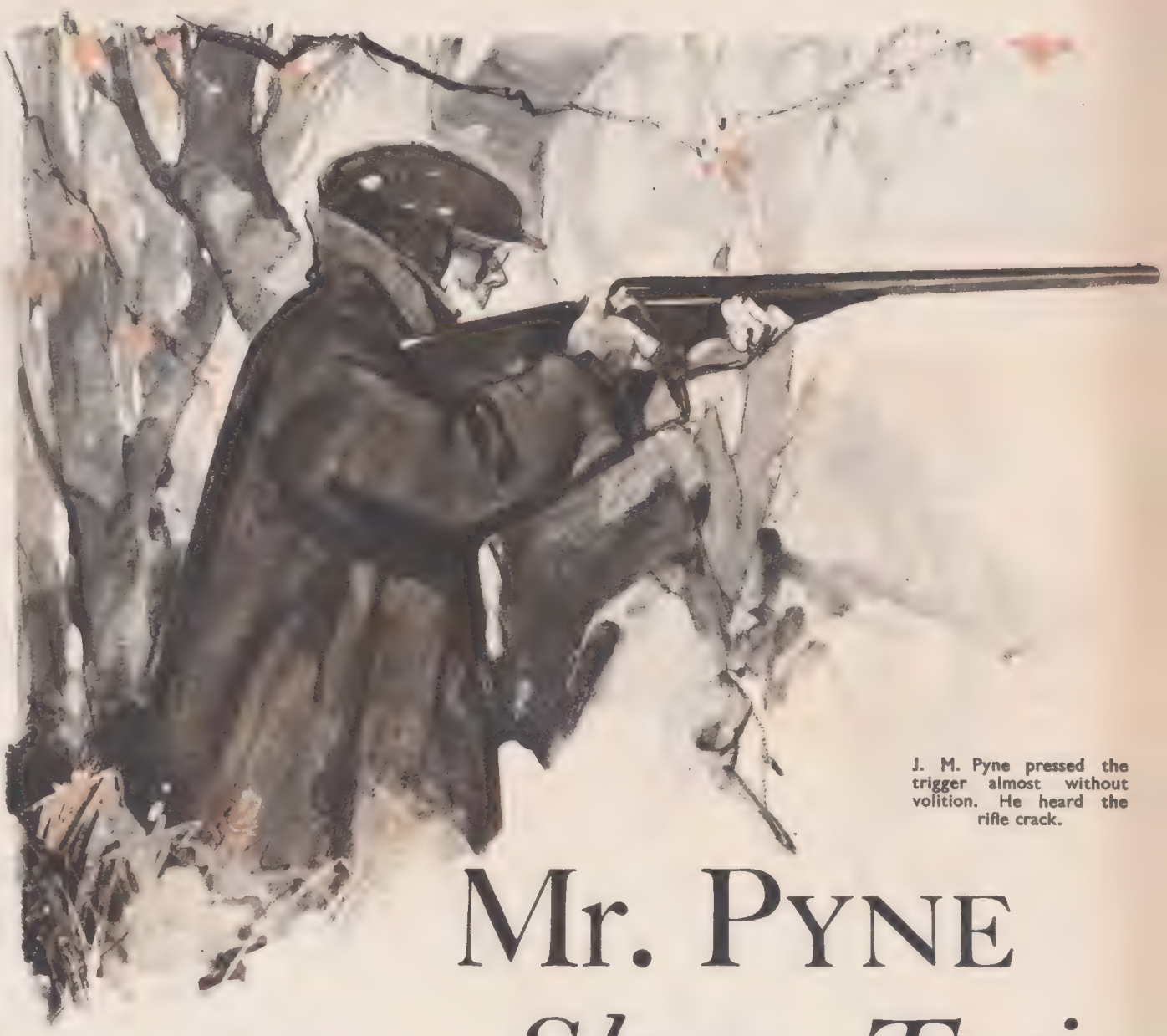
MONTHLY RETURN TICKETS BY L M S



J. M. Pyne pressed the trigger almost without volition. He heard the rifle crack.

Mr. PYNE *Shoots Twice*

J. M. PYNE saw little flurries of snow outside the shop windows. The leaves were gone, except for those that still clung tightly to the oak trees. The meadow out toward the target butt was brown. It was hunting weather. But he couldn't go deer hunting again. He wasn't up to it. He would have to tell young Ballentyne so. He would have to tell him that J. M. Pyne was seventy-five.

He heard a knock at the door and called out. Young Tim Ballentyne came in with a rifle in a leather case hanging from his shoulder. He waited until J. M. Pyne had finished brushing the barrel he was working on and put it back in the tank for another coat of the solution.

"I should have answered your letter," J. M. Pyne said. Young Ballentyne knew that he almost never answered letters.

"But you're going with me."

J. M. Pyne shook his head. He always shook his head nowadays.

"We won't be gone long. I've just five days away from school."

"I've sold my hunting gun," J. M. Pyne said.

"The one with the twenty-two punch marks for twenty-two deer with twenty-two shots?"

J. M. Pyne nodded. The fellow had said that he wanted to give it to a museum.

"But you've got something in the shop you can shoot," young Ballentyne said.

J. M. Pyne straightened his shoulders painfully. It was only mid-afternoon, but his shoulders ached.

"Let's see your rifle," he said.

Young Ballentyne took the rifle out of the case and handed it over with pride. It was a bolt-action repeating rifle with a stock of fine curly walnut, new and spotless.

J. M. Pyne thought it was clubby. It lacked the grace of the long-barrelled, single-shot rifles that he loved. Too much of the weight was in the thick action and too little in the slender muzzle. But he knew it was strong and simple and sound. You could take the action apart without tools.

"You don't really like it," young Ballentyne said.

"It's a fine rifle," J. M. Pyne said. "I don't know of anything better than a bolt-action rifle for the .30-06 cartridge."

"But you like single-shot rifles better."

"Well," J. M. Pyne said, "I like them better for my own use."

He went to the cupboard in the corner and got out the old long-range .30 calibre rifle he had built for himself thirty years ago on a Sharps-Borchardt action. The Sharps Company had gone when the buffalo went. But their actions were well made. The rifle had a long vernier rear sight on the heel of the stock.

"It's awfully long," young Ballentyne said.

"Thirty-four-inch barrel," J. M. Pyne said.

He put the rifle in the vice and ran a swab of absorbent cotton through it to take out the oil and the dust. He held the muzzle up to the light and looked through the bore. It had been shot a good deal with heavy charges and jacketed bullets. But the curving knife edges of the narrow lands were only slightly rounded. The rifle would still shoot.

"You could take off that wind gauge in front and put on something else and move the rear sight up on the tang," young Ballentyne said.

J. M. Pyne shook his head. "I don't believe I've got any cartridge cases left. I chambered the rifle for an odd case I swagged down from the old .38-72. You can't buy cartridges for it."

He handed the rifle to young Ballentyne and hunted through piles of cigar boxes. He found the right box and laid it on the bench. There were fifteen or twenty of the old cartridge cases, dark with corrosion and cracked at the neck, and a few of the bullets, with a narrow swaged band at the base.

Young Ballentyne could not restrain his curiosity. He hunted through the box.

"Here!" he said. "Here are two brand-new ones, never fired."

J. M. Pyne took them. They hadn't been fired. He picked up a bullet and showed young Ballentyne that it was a push fit.

"I reamed the inside of every case neck in the lathe," he said. "The outside fits the chamber and the inside fits the bullet."

Young Ballentyne hunted eagerly through the box for more cartridge cases. There weren't any more good ones.

"If you could find just a few more," young Ballentyne said, "you could use the gun. You won't need more than ten cartridges on a deer hunt."

"You're allowed one buck," J. M. Pyne said.

"Exactly," young Ballentyne said.

J. M. Pyne straightened up. "I never in my life took more than two shots to kill a deer. Mostly I took one shot."

Young Ballentyne smiled. "You could go with two cartridges—you really could."

J. M. Pyne got out the little miner's assay scale and a can of smokeless powder thirty years old, and some primers. He primed one of the good cases and weighed out a charge of powder.

"Put up a target," he said.

He shifted the long vernier sight from the heel to the tang while young Ballentyne was putting up a target at the hundred-yard mark. He hunted for the old sight readings. He set the sight for a hundred yards. He opened the narrow window over the machine rest that he used for testing rifles, when young Ballentyne came back, and loaded the rifle. He took a couple of deep breaths and put the gun up. It wasn't so bad as he had been afraid it would be. When you have shot rifles for sixty years, you don't forget. The front sight didn't hang on the black as once it had. But when the gun spoke and the butt set back hard against his shoulder

COMPLETE STORY

by

Lucian Cary

Illustrated by Gaffron

he knew the bullet was in the black even before he heard young Ballentyne's exclamation as he peered through the spotting scope at the target.

J. M. Pyne shut the window and walked slowly back to the bench with the rifle at heel. He had forgotten something. He had forgotten how good it was to get a shot off clean. He had given up shooting, because he couldn't hold a rifle for ten shots—to say nothing of fifty or a hundred. But he could still hold a rifle for one or two shots.

He put the gun in the vice and unscrewed the wind gauge, and picked up a small brass drift and a hammer and began gently to tap the sight base out of its dovetail slot.

"You're going," young Ballentyne said.

J. M. Pyne did not answer. He got the sight base out and looked in a drawer for the large ivory bead he had always liked for hunting. He would have to do some close measuring and some more shooting to make sure he was sighted in.

"You could weigh out some powder charges and put them in glass phials, and take along primers and bullets and the re and decapper," young Ballentyne said.

"No," J. M. Pyne said. "What I can't do in two shots, I won't do at all."

They started north the next morning in young Ballentyne's car. It was a grey, wintry day. They came, late in the afternoon, to a bleak little town with a high stone wall on one side of the street and little shops on the other. The street was full of policemen and guards with revolvers and sawed-off shotguns. Young Ballentyne stopped the car. A policeman ordered him to keep going.

"That must be Waubun Prison," J. M. Pyne said. "I haven't been through here in twenty years, but I remember it."

It was only as they were leaving the town that young Ballentyne could stop for petrol and ask the man at the pump what had happened.

"Riot in the prison this morning," the man said. "They killed three guards, and some of them got away. I hear they've stopped it now. But some of them got away."

Young Ballentyne looked so eager and excited that J. M. Pyne could guess what was on his mind.

"It isn't our business," J. M. Pyne said.

"No," young Ballentyne admitted, and drove on.

It was dark when they came to the place where they were to meet a man named Higgins with a team and a wagon. Young Ballentyne put the car in a garage.

They found Higgins in the general store.

J. M. Pyne was tired. The road was so bad the horses had to walk most of the way. J. M. Pyne wrapped himself in his long overcoat and turned up the collar and sank his chin. It took almost four hours to make the twelve miles. J. M. Pyne was so stiff he had to get young Ballentyne to help him down out of the wagon. He was glad to see the open fire inside the log camp and the hot food that Mrs. Higgins brought.

There were three other hunters there—men from New York who had got in that morning. They sat round the fire and talked hunting. J. M. Pyne saw, when Higgins introduced him, that his name meant nothing to them. They were hunters, and not riflemen. They didn't know what a Pyne barrel was.

J. M. Pyne sat close to the fire when he had eaten, and warmed his shins and smoked a cigarette and listened. One of the men from New York was, he said, an experienced hunter who had killed many deer. His name was Esterbrook. The other two were novices. Esterbrook instructed them.

"The first thing you've got to learn if you want to get a deer," Esterbrook said, "is to empty your rifle. You know what I mean?"

He took his own rifle from the rack against the wall and made sure it was empty, and put it to his shoulder and aimed it at an imaginary deer and pulled the trigger and slammed the bolt hard, and pulled the trigger again and again.

"That's what I mean," he said. "You have got to keep shooting if you expect to get a deer. You've got to learn to fire every shot in the magazine before he gets out of sight." He turned to Higgins. "Isn't that right?" he demanded.

Higgins nodded. "That's why I like a lever-action rifle," he said. "You can pump lead with it faster than you can with that bolt action of yours."

"You can shoot a bolt action just as fast," Esterbrook said, "if you know how."

Higgins would not admit that. They argued endlessly, as hunters will. J. M. Pyne got up and studied a local map tacked to the wall. Esterbrook interrupted his study. Esterbrook demanded to know what kind of rifle he was using.

J. M. Pyne got his rifle out of its case and handed it to Esterbrook.

"A single shot," Esterbrook said.

"A Sharps model of 1878," J. M. Pyne said.

He did not say that he had made the barrel himself. If Esterbrook knew anything about rifles, he would note the name "J. M. Pyne" in small Roman capital letters on the barrel.

"How do you expect to get a deer with that?" Esterbrook demanded. "By the time you've reloaded, the deer will be in the next county."

"I don't like to shoot unless I see the sights on a vital spot."

"What special spot on a deer do you usually aim for?" Esterbrook asked.

"The neck," J. M. Pyne said. "About four inches below the hair. A bullet there doesn't spoil much meat." He took a bunch of keys out of his pocket. He held the keys poised. "When you hit a deer in the neck," he said, "he drops like that." J. M. Pyne dropped the bunch of keys on the floor.

Esterbrook raised his eyebrows and smiled, as younger men do smile at an old man's fancy.

"You can put a bullet through the neck of a deer that's jumping down timber as fast as he can go?"

"I didn't say that," J. M. Pyne said mildly.

"What do you do when a deer jumps and goes bouncing off through the brush so fast that all you see is a glimpse of a white flag?"

"I like to go slow and make as little noise as possible, so as not to scare game."

"You've never seen a buck jump and go on jumping, sideways and in and out, so fast you can't get a bead on him?"

"Yes," J. M. Pyne said. "I've seen that."

"And what do you do then?" Esterbrook demanded.

"I don't shoot," J. M. Pyne said. "I stand still and figure on coming up with him later."

"Didn't you ever take a snap shot?"

"Yes," J. M. Pyne said. "But I don't shoot unless I see what I want to hit over the front sight."

"You're like Daniel Boone," Esterbrook said.

"I imagine Daniel Boone hunted more or less that way," J. M. Pyne said. "He must have. He couldn't afford to waste ammunition, not when he had to carry several months' supply of powder and lead."

"It may have been all right for him," Esterbrook said. "Game was plentiful and not easily frightened. And he was a good shot."

"I have been a good shot ever since I was a young man," J. M. Pyne said.

Esterbrook turned and smiled at the company. He made it clear that he was too kind to say what he might say.

J. M. Pyne took his rifle up to his room with him. It was an old habit with him to keep his rifle close beside him.

Young Ballentyne stopped at the door. He stepped inside.

"I would have liked to tell that guy who you are, Mr. Pyne," he said.

J. M. Pyne stood his rifle carefully in a corner, making sure it would not slip, and sat down on the edge of his bed.

"He has his way of doing things," he said, "and I have mine."

Higgins got them all out at daylight. Higgins made a great racket with a brass bell. J. M. Pyne hated to get up. It was a laborious process to get up nowadays. He was always stiff and sore. But he made it. He dressed and got downstairs only a few minutes behind the others, and ate bacon and eggs and flapjacks with maple syrup and coffee. He was having a second cup of coffee when the thing happened.

A big man in grey dungarees stood in the doorway with a hatchet in his hand. His head was close-cropped. J. M. Pyne turned toward the other door. Another smaller man in the same kind of grey dungarees had posted himself there. He had a short length of iron bar as a weapon.

"Sit tight," the big man with the hatchet said. "Sit tight and do what you're told, and you won't get hurt."

They all sat motionless, staring at the men in grey dungarees, except Mrs. Higgins who sank into a chair.

"You watch 'em, Joe," the big man said, "while I look over the guns."

The big man turned to the living room.

(*Continued on page* 24)

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CONTINUING

Mr. PYNE *Shoots Twice*

J. M. Pyne could see him as he picked a rifle out of the rack. They were all bolt-action rifles except Higgins' gun. The fellow laid Higgins' gun on the table, and young Ballentyne's new rifle. One by one, he picked up the three other rifles and slipped the bolts out. He did it as if he knew about bolt-action rifles, with no fumbling. He found cartridges all laid out on the table. He loaded Higgins' rifle and gave it to his partner with the piece of iron. Then he loaded young Ballentyne's rifle and stood in the doorway. He looked at Esterbrook.

"You're nearer my size," he said to Esterbrook. "Take off your clothes."

"What?" Esterbrook asked. He was wearing a grey flannel shirt and heavy woollen trousers and leather-topped rubbers. He had flung his leather coat on the back of his chair.

Esterbrook stood up and took off his flannel shirt. The fellow made him take off his boots and his trousers and his woollen socks. He got out of his dungarees and into Esterbrook's clothes. They were a tight fit for him. He couldn't button the shirt collar, but he got into them.

"Now," he said, "I'll hold a gun on them while you get some clothes, Joe."

Joe chose to exchange clothes with one of the other men from New York.

They got a pack sack out of the shed beyond the kitchen and filled it with bread and bacon and salt and sugar.

"Now Joe," the big man said, "you hold a gun on them while I take a look around."

J. M. Pyne heard the fellow go upstairs. When he came down he had blankets on one arm and he was dragging J. M. Pyne's rifle. He rolled the blankets up and tied them with a piece of clothesline, so he could sling them over his shoulder. Then he picked up the rifle. He studied it. J. M. Pyne knew, from the way he looked at it, that he was not familiar with it. But he saw he couldn't slip the bolt out the way he had slipped the bolts out of the other actions. He threw the lever down. But he didn't see any easy way of putting the gun out of commission.

"Who's gun is this?" he asked.

"It's mine," J. M. Pyne said.

"How do you take it apart?"

"You have to have a vice and tools," J. M. Pyne said.

The big man looked at the rifle. He looked around the room. He saw something on the windowsill. He picked it up and tried it in the muzzle of the rifle. J. M. Pyne saw that it was a lag screw with a great rough thread, and half rose from his chair.

"Sit still, grandpa," the big man said.

He put the small end of the lag screw in the muzzle of the rifle as far as it would go and picked up the hatchet. He smiled at J. M. Pyne and brought the hammer side of the hatchet down on the end of the lag screw, driving it deep into the muzzle. He dropped the rifle on the floor and picked up the blanket roll.

"Let's go," he said to his partner.

Joe went out of the door. The big man turned as he followed. "You stay where you are," he said. "The man who sticks his head out of this door will get a bullet through it."

J. M. Pyne got up and went to the window. They were going north, toward the river. He picked up his rifle. The lag screw was jammed so tightly in the muzzle that he could not move it. The muzzle of his rifle was ruined.

J. M. Pyne turned to Higgins. "Have you got a vice?" he asked. "Have you got a hacksaw?"

Higgins jerked his thumb at the shed beyond the kitchen. J. M. Pyne walked into the shed. There was a light vice and a few tools. He laid the rifle on the bench and went upstairs and got his bag. He had a little kit of tools in a tin cigarette box of the size that holds a hundred cigarettes. He had carried that kit with him wherever he went for thirty years. It had a magazine screwdriver with four blades of different sizes, and two or three files, and a small pair of pliers. He carried the kit down to the bench.

There wasn't anything to do but cut the barrel off. He put the barrel in the vice. If he cut the barrel off he would lose his front sight setting. He would have to file a new sight slot first. The barrel had so little taper that moving the front sight back an inch or two would make only a minute difference.

J. M. Pyne marked out the sight slot and began to file. He was in a hurry. He hadn't time to do a nice job. The only thing to do was to file the dovetail slot oversize and key it into place. He could file a wire nail into a lozenge cross section and key the sight in an oversize slot.

J. M. Pyne was aware, as he filed at the barrel, that young Ballentyne stood beside him.

"They're going out for help," young Ballentyne said.

"It'll take them three or four hours to get out to a telephone," J. M. Pyne said. "And three or four hours more for a posse to get in."

"They can't go far with that load of camp stuff they took," young Ballentyne said.

J. M. Pyne filed steadily. He got the slot deep enough. He had a three-inch rule in his pocket. He laid it on the barrel and with his pocket-knife scribed as well as he could the centre of the front sight across the slot. Then, with a flattened nail for a drift, he drove the front sight out of its old slot and drove it into the new slot. It couldn't, he decided, be more than a couple of hundredths of an inch out either way.

He found a hacksaw. Half the teeth were gone. But it would still cut. He sawed the barrel off just ahead of the new front sight. He put the rifle vertically in the vice and squared the cut with a file. He had to square it by eye. But his eye was trained by many years of work.

When he thought he had the barrel square he opened his pocket knife. He took a small blade and scraped away the burs left by the hacksaw and the file. He countersank the muzzle slightly, but enough.

He studied the muzzle with his magnifying glass. It wasn't a shop job. The muzzle couldn't be perfectly square. But it was so nearly so that it couldn't make much difference at ordinary ranges.

He took one of his two cartridges out of his coat pocket and loaded the rifle.

"What are you going to do?" young Ballentyne asked.

"I'm going hunting," J. M. Pyne said.

"You might run into those two."

"I might," J. M. Pyne said, "if I've guessed right."

"What do you mean?" young Ballentyne asked.

"I've been thinking what I would do in their place," J. M. Pyne said.

"Yes," young Ballentyne said.

"I wouldn't drive a lag screw into the muzzle of a Pyne barrel," J. M. Pyne said. "No matter what I was up against, I wouldn't do that."

"No," young Ballentyne said, "you wouldn't do that."

"The fellow knew something about guns. I watched him. He knew that one of those rifles used the sear for a bolt stop, so he held the trigger back to get the bolt out. He knew that Esterbrook's rifle was a Springfield, with the bolt stop on the side. A fellow like that might have brains. You can see he had brains by what he did to my rifle."

Young Ballentyne nodded.

"If I were in his place I'd know my only chance was to make for the river. There's always a boat to be had along a river. You can travel farther and faster in a boat when you have a lot of stuff to carry. And a boat leaves no trace."

"There are two of them," young Ballentyne said. "They've got repeating rifles. You've got a single shot with just two cartridges."

"I'm as good as ever I was for two shots," J. M. Pyne said. "Do you think any convict out of Waubun can shoot with me? If he could, we'd know who he was. He'd have a reputation as a rifle shot."

"But," Ballentyne said, "you forget—"

"I'll be careful," J. M. Pyne said. "I haven't hunted deer for nothing. I shan't be taken by surprise."

"I'd like to go with you," young Ballentyne said.

"Two men make too much noise in the woods," J. M. Pyne said. "And you haven't anything to shoot."

J. M. Pyne cradled his rifle in his arms.

"I'll be back before dark," he said.

J. M. Pyne walked westward into the woods. He paused to listen and to watch his back trail, and turned again toward the river. They had an hour's start and they were young. They would travel as fast with their packs as he could travel with nothing to carry but his rifle. He remembered the map. The falls, with half a mile of rapids, were below him. If they got into a boat above the rapids they would have to portage.

He walked on. The rifle was heavier than ever a rifle had seemed before. He stumbled often, but he kept on. The sky was cloudy. He could see where the sun was behind the clouds. He guessed it was noon when he reached the river bank below the falls. He sat down on a fallen log with his rifle across his knees to rest. He had made about five miles.

If they were in a boat below the falls, he was too late. He could never catch them. If they were still above him, he had only to wait.

J. M. Pyne waited more than an hour before something made him sit up sharply. He heard something. He did not know what. He waited, his head cocked like that of a wild animal as he listened. He heard a stick crack. Then he saw them. They were carrying a canoe bottom up. Each of them had a rifle in his right hand while he steadied the canoe over his head with his left hand.

J. M. Pyne stood up. He stood beside a tall hemlock tree. He said, "Hi!" The two men dropped the canoe. They dropped it so hard it bounced. They weren't seventy-five yards away.

"Hands up!" J. M. Pyne said sharply.

They didn't put their hands up. The big fellow half raised his rifle and stared into the woods towards the sound he had heard. J. M. Pyne raised his rifle. The fellow was asking for it.

The ivory bead of the front sight settled on the man's shoulder, swung away, swung back. As it swung back, J. M. Pyne pressed the trigger almost without volition. He heard the rifle crack. He felt the butt set back hard against his shoulder. He saw the man drop his rifle and clasp his hand to his shoulder. J. M. Pyne stepped behind the hemlock tree and peered out, exposing one eye, from the other side.

The other fellow had dropped flat on his stomach behind a log. He had that much sense. But he hadn't the sense not to shoot when he couldn't see anything definite to shoot at. He fired three shots wildly at the shadows around the hemlock tree.

J. M. Pyne opened his rifle and took out the fired case and put his other cartridge in the breech. The fellow was lying so low behind his log that J. M. Pyne could see nothing but the top of his head. He didn't want to blow the top of the man's head off. He didn't want to kill the fellow. It didn't seem necessary. So he waited.

J. M. Pyne waited. J. M. Pyne remembered to take slightly deeper breaths than usually. He wanted plenty of wind when he had to shoot. He wanted wind enough so he could wait for the sights to swing on exactly right.

J. M. Pyne remembered the oldest trick of them all. He knelt down and got a piece of a broken branch, six or eight inches long. He hung his hat on the broken branch and held it out on the left side of the tree. The fellow shot. He didn't hit the hat, but he shot. J. M. Pyne poked the hat out again and peered around the other side of the tree. The fellow was raising himself up on his elbows to shoot. He was aiming intently at that hat. J. M. Pyne waited. He remembered to take deeper breaths while he waited for the shot.

When the rifle cracked he dropped the twig and stepped out enough to see, and shot the fellow neatly through the shoulder.

It was a long way back. There were moments when J. M. Pyne paused and asked himself if he could make it as he drove those two men in front of him. They didn't know he had no more cartridges. They were completely his prisoners. But they walked too fast.

He ran them into a squad of state police and sat down beside the trail to rest. One of the troopers took his rifle for him. Another cut a stick for him. He trudged on, slower and slower, leaning on the stick. He hadn't walked so far in years. He really wasn't up to hunting any more. He was seventy-five.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MAN WHO IS CONVINCED THAT

PELMANISM

WILL BE OF GREAT SERVICE TO HIM BUT WHO HAS DONE NOTHING ABOUT IT—YET

PELMAN HOUSE,
BLOOMSBURY STREET,
LONDON, W.C.1

From the Founder of the Pelman Institute.

Dear Sir,

I'm not astonished that the case for Pelmanism absolutely convinced you. It is overwhelming. Where can you find anything like it? As a scientific system of mental training, the aim of which is success and happiness, it is unapproached and unapproachable. You believe that. . . . Yet you are holding back. . . . Why?

Think again! You have the chance of greatly improving your abilities and personality, also your powers of self-expression, thus developing self-confidence and social popularity. . . . You have the opportunity of acquiring speed in thinking, of abolishing shyness and self-consciousness, of increasing will-power, and evolving a well-trained mind—yet you fail to act. . . . Again, why? . . .

You desire to overcome depression, also to conquer indecision, and insecurity; and we have offered you authoritative testimonies from students who say, "Pelmanism has given me a new life of joy and prosperity." You needed some guarantee from men and women of light and leading that the Course was really good, and these we provided in number and unequalled excellence. Without a doubt you were deeply impressed and fully convinced, but there is a restraining element in your consciousness. . . . What is it?

It may be procrastination. "Some other day," says the voice within; or, "Wait until next month"; or, "A more convenient season is coming." There's only one way of dealing with old man Procrastination: take him by the neck and by the seat of the trousers and throw him out! His smooth tongue has already cost you a lot of money, and lost you a nice batch of opportunities. Don't let him spoil your chances of Pelmanism!

Perhaps a peculiar *doubt* is repressing you: e.g. "I wonder whether the Pelman Course can deal with *my* needs?" I am sure it can. And you have only to fill in our Confidential Questionnaire to prove that fact for yourself. Without fee, the Consulting Psychologist will send you a private report on your good points and weak points. He will also show you how Pelmanism can give you a fuller and more successful life. Isn't that worth while?

Do you belong to the crowd of people who doubt their abilities, and who in consequence are losing chances every day? I used to think that the majority of men and women had a good opinion of themselves. I was wrong. Fifty per cent of our correspondents, many of them highly intelligent, have practically no self-confidence at all. They're favourite phrase is, "What's the use?" or "What's the good of it?" . . . But at the end of the Course they say, "Pelmanism has reorganised my whole life." And it's *true*! We have *thousands* of such testimonies.

That old saying about the value of *trying* needs only one additional word to make it modern:—

"You never know what you can do until you try—Pelmanism."

Samuel Butler, author of *Erewhon*, lived to be 57 before he discovered his ability to compose music. The discovery came by chance. Your own self-discoveries need not be left to chance. Pelmanism will bring out your hidden abilities as well as develop those of which you are conscious. Knowing this, why do you hold back?

It cannot be the fee, for that is moderate enough in view of the variety and extent of the present services rendered. Your mental needs are supplied by a competent examiner who applies Pelman principles to your individual requirements. This is equivalent to private tuition. Besides, if two or three applicants enrol together they can claim an appreciable reduction. Remember, finally, that an increase in mental power is cheap at any price.

The object of this letter is to *rouse* you to action. Will it succeed? I hope so. Helvetius tells us that Sir Isaac Newton did not *see* the apple fall: *it fell on his head*. In that sense the law of gravitation was not a discovery. It was a *concussion*. I would fain hope that there is enough concussive jolt in this communication to make you realise the immense importance of Pelmanism to your happiness and success.

And I would ask every reader of these lines to send for a free copy of "THE SCIENCE OF SUCCESS," and to read in its pages the tributes paid to Pelmanism by famous men and women who speak of this Course of training from personal experience of the benefits they have received. Act NOW.

Sincerely,
W. J. ENNEVER.

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– when the World's asleep

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PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

I *entertain*

Two members of the vegetarian colony of Eden, near Berlin. This settlement has 800 inhabitants, all of whom are rigid abstainers from meat.

SILENTLY I handed the sirloin to cook and motioned her to place it in the refrigerator. Then I looked up "Vegetarian" in the cookery book.

"I have discovered the guests this evening are vegetarians," I said, trying to sound casual, as my eye caught a recipe for Hominy Croquettes.

It was cook's turn to be silent. Her silences are always full of meaning. She opened the refrigerator to reassure herself that it was certainly the finest sirloin the butcher had sent for many a long day. "Real prime," I heard her mutter. I applied myself once more to the recipes.

At the end of an exhausting quarter of an hour, I was still unable to choose a tempting meal which contained neither fish nor meat. I decided, therefore, to take expert advice. I paid a visit to our local health food store.

The shop was rather crowded with all kinds of people in search of the perfect diet, so I studied one or two pamphlets while awaiting attention. In the few moments at my disposal I gathered that meat and fish eating were both pernicious practices and that a balanced diet of fruit, nuts and vegetables produced perfect human specimens.

I presumed that the lady who came forward at that moment to serve me was obviously either a new recruit to the ranks of the food reformers, or else a secret steak addict. She was decidedly obese and very pimply.

However, she was very good at suggesting menus. In no time we had a proposed four-course dinner that sounded most attractive. Armed with this and various leaflets, I felt much better able to cope with cook. I could only hope that she would not still be crooning over the sirloin when I returned.

We worked hard over that dinner. Overcoming all our natural instincts, we put our very souls to the task of making Mock Hare Soup, Mock Fish Patties, Vegetable Goose and Fruit Pie.

It is never easy to entertain one's husband's business associates. It is more difficult still when they are influential and potential improvers of one's fortunes. But it is a super-human task when they are all these things, *and* vegetarians. I felt, however, as I took a last look round the kitchen, that I had met the situation with competence.

Before the guests arrived, I had a little time to study the pamphlets given to me by the friendly food reformer. I felt I should be able to take a more intelligent part in the general conversation if I had even a slight knowledge of the subject in which they were obviously so interested.

The first leaflet told of amazing feats of endurance carried out by non-meat eaters.

Apparently, out of the many entrants in famous long-distance walks, the vegetarians arrived hours before their flesh-eating competitors. Some of the world's most noted cyclists, I was told, lived exclusively on nuts and fruit, while first-class wrestlers never so much as looked at meat. I was surprised.

The arrival of the visitors cut short my perusal of the pamphlet on the inhumanitarianism of eating chops and steaks and wearing leather shoes. I promised myself a more intensive study of this later, and wondered if it would have been a compliment to my guests if I appeared in my knitted bedroom slippers. There was no time to change, however, which was just as well. Both Mr. and Mrs. Brown wore leather shoes.

Apart from the dinner, the evening passed off pleasantly enough. I was able to speak intelligently of vegetarian athletes.

I even touched lightly on the subject of non-animal shoes, and non-slaughter handbags, brushes and stationery. Everything was a success, except my carefully arranged dinner.

I first noticed a slight cooling of the social atmosphere when the soup was placed in front of Mrs. Brown.

"Special mock hare soup," I said brightly, so that my guests should not imagine that any slaughtered animal had contributed to its manufacture.

They received this information with a non-committal "Oh," and ate very sparingly. I reflected that they were not perhaps fond of soup and would be pleased to see the mock fish patties.

All offers of alcoholic refreshment were declined.

"I suppose you haven't a jug of pip and peel water?" Mr. Brown asked tentatively.

"Pip and peel water?" I faltered.

"Doesn't matter a bit," he said kindly. "Just thought I'd ask. In the ordinary

---

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VEGETARIANS

Woman to Woman

by Isabel Aldridge

These four vegetarian dishes certainly look sufficiently palatable to satisfy any appetite. A mixed salad, spinach cornets, spinach pudding and, bottom, stuffed tomatoes.

After a cheerful little discourse on the horrors of slaughter houses, the brutality of butchers and the heartless callousness of flesh-eaters, the Browns took their farewell.

"Don't forget you're coming to us next week," said Mrs. Brown, shaking me warmly by the hand. "I'll show you how a vegetarian hostess entertains her carnivorous friends!"

I was most anxious to discover in what respects my food reform dinner had fallen short of the vegetarian ideals of the Browns, and arrived at their house not so much in the role of guest as that of a seeker after knowledge.

We were introduced to the daughter of the house, a young lady dressed in a flowing magenta-coloured gown, and heelless vegetarian shoes. I only discovered later in the evening that these were non-animal shoes, though I suspected them of not being leather. The uppers were frayed out so that they flapped over the soles like fringes in a way no leather shoe of my acquaintance had ever done.

Before dinner we were offered some of the famous pip and peel beverage. It seemed to me to be water in which lemon and orange rind and pips floated about like goldfish in a bowl. Apparently, according to our host, flavour was not so important as the fact that it was a good blood purifier. I admit I was disappointed in it.

It did not take me long to realise why the Browns had not enjoyed my dinner. I soon gathered that earnest vegetarians disliked "mock" fish or meat almost as much as the real thing. Their object is not to make food resemble the animals they do not wish to kill, but to prove that a purely non-flesh diet can be just as attractive.

I must say I enjoyed the meal. We had artichoke soup, macaroni and pine-kernel pudding, brussel sprouts, baked potatoes, a salad consisting of grated apples, chopped onions and raisins, and finished up with an "unfired" date cake. The latter was delicious. Stoned dates, dried peaches and ginger had been put through the mincer, shaped into a cake, and coated with coconut. I began to think there was something in food reform, after all.

I discovered that my methods of cookery—handed down as a family tradition—were apparently based on scientific fallacies. It was not a good colour, as had always been impressed upon me, which mattered with green vegetables. It was the retaining of the valuable organic mineral elements which was the important thing. I began to wonder how it was that I had reached maturity at all, having been fed on such a dreadful diet. I realised that my rude health was wholly undeserved and wondered in passing why the Brown family should look so puny when they ate the obviously perfect food. It was all very puzzling.

Miss Brown, it appeared, was a staunch supporter of a vegetarian social society.

"We have jolly rambles and picnics in the summer," she explained, "and in the winter dances and socials, and once a year we hold a vegetarian banquet."

With a shudder I visualised the president rising to propose a toast, his glass of pip and peel water in his hand.

We were rather silent on the way home. I was wondering whether, after all, meat eating was just a dreadful habit which we had followed all our lives unthinkingly. Should we not, perhaps, go into the matter thoroughly and find out whether a food reform diet would not be better from all points of view—humanitarian as well as health?

My ruminations were interrupted as we entered the house.

"Let's see if there's any of that cold beef in the refrigerator," my husband suggested. "I could just tackle a little."

Between us we managed to dispose of the red, juicy fragment and decided that perhaps we weren't cut out to be vegetarians, after all.

way I only drink one hour before a meal or three hours after. This has made me rather thirsty," and he pointed rather viciously to his mock fish patty.

Before the vegetable goose was placed on the table, I had been forced to the conclusion that mock fish was another dietary item the Browns did not particularly enjoy. When the goose was removed—scarcely touched—I was almost in tears. The fruit pie was the only course of which the guests partook at all freely.

IT'S SO *Silly* TO GO ON WEARING MYSELF OUT . . .

. . . WHEN I COULD HAVE A HOOVER FOR 10/- DOWN

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Chivers Olde English Marmalade

The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table

"A few years ago the Sultan's women paraded palace gardens like peacocks." They have gone now and French soldiers sleep in their beds!

HAREMS to LET

HANNEN SWAFFER in Africa (3)

I HAVE seen French soldiers lying in beds in a Sultan's harem!

The harem had all gone away, because the Sultan had moved to Rabat—but there they were, scores of French infantrymen, all lying in hospital wards around an open courtyard in which, a few years ago, the Sultan and the women of the zenana paraded like peacocks, sitting around fountains and enjoying the cool of the evening.

They are funny places—these harems. In another, also empty now, I saw a room entirely lined with mirrors. There the beauties used to lie around in what is now a museum, seeing their faces multiplied a hundred times in number, just admiring themselves.

Both these harems were in Marrakesh. A few miles away, I stood on the veranda of a pavilion overlooking an artificial lake in the Menara Gardens. There, in the cool of the eventide, the Sultan used to sit with the beauties of his harem looking out on the Atlas Mountains, always topped with snow.

All around there are thousands and thousands of olive trees. They have been there for centuries. Sultan after Sultan has planted new ones, when the trees got old. So there is still a forest of olive trees, in which you see ill-paid Moors shaking down the olives, climbing into the boughs and swaying them with their feet, knocking them down with sticks.

Around the city you see date palms by the thousand.

They are there by accident, not by plan. Many years ago, an invading army camped outside the walls and dropped the stones of the dates on which they lived.

So palm groves began to spring up. And there they are still. The dates are worthless, but the palms are beautiful.

All the majesty has gone from Marrakesh. The Sultan has moved away. One of his palaces is used now by the French Resident-General when he visits the city.

In the pavilion of the Menara Gardens beggars may accost you. As I stood looking out on the beauty in front of me, I heard the sound of music.

It was only a gramophone playing, but it sounded as though an orchestra, left stranded by the Sultan, was still playing for coppers.

The Kaid Maclean, not many years ago, used to sit on a balcony overlooking the great market place which, in the afternoon, is crowded with thousands of Moors selling muck, goods so trivial that in England they might be thrown away.

In those days slaves were openly sold in the market.

To this day they speak of him—for he did much to drill and systematise things—with awe. He was a lieutenant in a Scottish regiment who, in early manhood, offered himself to the Sultan's services. He saw Sultans come and go, but he stayed on, building up their army.

He and Walter Harris are the two great Britishers of whom Morocco still talks. Walter Harris, who was a brother of Leverton Harris, a member of the British House of Commons, went to Morocco as a young man and became *The Times* correspondent. He became very useful to the French, who used him to put their case before the world.

So great a master of Arabic was he, that, on occasions, he would even read the Koran, disguised as a Moor, in the mosques.

He penetrated all the native fastnesses, explored the whole of Morocco, and became a great friend of the Moors, thousands of whom would consult him about personal difficulties.

He became famous to the world chiefly when Raisuli abducted him and demanded the payment of a heavy ransom. How he came to be abducted is still a matter of speculation.

Two miles, perhaps, outside Tangier there still stands the Villa Harris. This is evidence of the large fortune accumulated by a man known only to Europe because he wrote for the *The Times*. It is beautifully decorated in the Moorish style. It has a wonderful garden, and there is now a bull-ring in the grounds and a big swimming pool in which the Tangerians disport

(*Continued on page* 30)

Country Cameos

by S. L. Bensusan

The Year's First Tramp

"YOU'RE early out," I said.

"It can't be too early," he replied.

"You're a bit old for the highways," I suggested.

"Older than you think" he chuckled; "I'm a pensioner; seventy-one.

"Not in the workhouse, mind ye," he went on, after a pause. "I've a son-in-law. I get bed and bite in winter at his, pay my shillin' a day, and do the odd jobs. But when April's half through, I quit."

He was a little wiry man, grey-eyed, alert, and clean; on his back a canvas bag, in his hand a strong ash stick.

We sat on a stile side by side, and he shared my excellent sandwiches and plain cake.

"Weather's the only trouble," he remarked. "Cold rain, east wind, and no shelter. But give me a barn and I don't mind the weather. It's a good life."

"Tramping?"

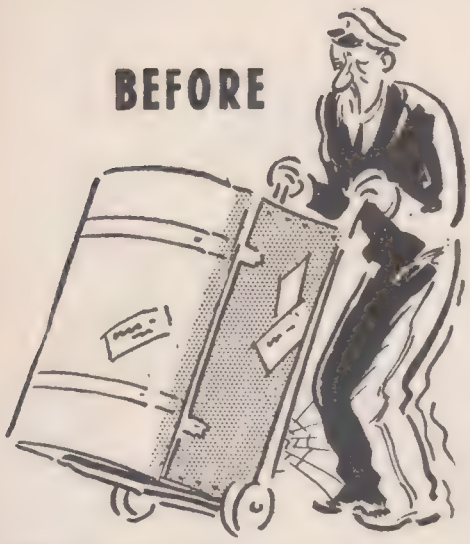
"No," he said firmly. "I take days off. I can get a few odd jobs. I've been a handy man in my time. I can put a window in or mix a bit of plaster and lay it properly, or mend a bit of broken furniture, or brush a hedge, or catch rats or rabbits, or double-dig a garden. When the weather's fine, I can sleep in the open, but a few trusses of straw are the best bed."

"How many miles a day?"

"Twenty in fair weather, but many a fine day I lay by a river bank and smoke. Sometimes I get among kind cottage folk, an' get my clothes washed for a few pence with soap and hot water."

"I can't catch colds," he told me later. "I'm too hard. I can't remember seeing a doctor and I've all my teeth."

He had a certain pride, my passing acquaintance; he was the master of his life. He talked in detached phrases, spreading these statements over an hour's companionship before we parted at the cross roads and he went on his way towards a care-free spring.



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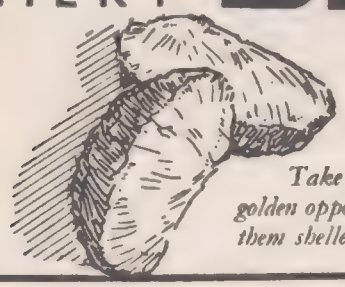

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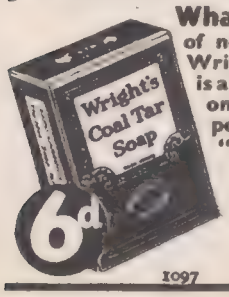

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The judges of the competition will be the Advertising Director of Wright's, the Advertisement Director of Odhams Press and the Lady Editor of "Home Notes" and "Woman's Sphere." All entries will be individually examined and the First Prize of £200 awarded to the competitor who submits what the judges consider to be the best slogan. Other prizes will be awarded in order of merit, but the judges reserve the right to divide any prize should competitors tie.

No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed. Proof of posting is not proof of delivery. No correspondence or interviews granted in connection with the competition. The judges' awards must be accepted as final and legally binding.

No employee of Wright's is eligible to compete and the Company reserves the right to use any of the winning slogans. Prize-winners names will be published on May 30th in "John Bull" and the "Daily Telegraph" and cheques posted to winners on May 29th.

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Continuing

HANNEN SWAFFER

themselves. Harris left his villa to the town.

You find that, in these Moslem parts of the world, so far from Christianity making any change, it changes the people who go to live there. Harris adopted native dress and lived as a Moor. So did the Kaid Maclean.

Indeed you may remember the words of Smuts, uttered during the Romanez lecture, at Oxford, not long ago, "Christianity is receding in Africa and Mahommedanism is advancing."

I saw, in the whole of the place, apart from churches meant for Europeans, no Christianity. It may have been there, but I did not see it.

I heard of one missionary who lives now outside Marrakesh, but he, I was told, had retired.

No, Western thought has had no influence, apparently, on the great wastes of Northern Africa.

Well, now, suddenly, there has come all this machinery. Some of the roads are as good as that between London and York. They have been built, as I have said, for military purposes, but there they are.

Electricity is there now. Great power stations are there, modern French towns, but I doubt if, for centuries, all this will influence the lives of the people in towns that remain just like Bagdad.

I wish somebody could stop the cruelty, but then perhaps Moors do not notice it. Everywhere you see people carrying about chickens head downwards.

It reminds me how a young sister of mine went, with some zeal, to what had been German East Africa not many months before, saw a native boy carrying a chicken upside down and was surprised, when she reproved him, that he merely grinned.

"You must not laugh," she said, "it's cruel."

"It's dead, missie," replied the boy.

Her local branch of the R.S.P.C.A., just started, suddenly died.

This sister of mine was surprised to find that our driving out the Germans was not so popular as she thought.

"Aren't you glad we have come?" she asked one native.

"No," he replied.

"But didn't the Germans beat you?" she asked.

"I doubt if, for centuries, the French modernisation of Morocco will influence the lives of the people." A new street in Casablanca.

"Yes," he said, "but that not hurt much. Beads were cheaper."

She could not argue with him about the rates of exchange or the fluctuation of gold. The native merely wanted cheap beads.

And, as it is in German East Africa, so it is in Morocco. The natives are not so well off. They walk by the power stations and admire them, no doubt, but they have not made life easier for them.

And then amidst all the civilisation you see now and then an Arab kneel down and start praying, bowing his head solemnly, indifferent to the little bit of Paris which has been pushed right under his nose.

As for the colonisation, the French, boasting of their progress, state, in an official book they gave me, that whereas in 1912 Europeans in what is now French Morocco owned only 80,000 hectars, in 1928 they owned 722,750 hectars, divided into 2,800 estates. How they got it, is another matter.

The Moors complain, now and then, that they owned much of it as communal land on which whole tribes fed their cattle and grew corn for themselves. Now, if they are lucky, they are working for big syndicates.

Very fatalistic—"It is Kismet"—they seldom protest but just go on existing, living in tents made of sacking, just protection from the heat.

Their buying power has been diminished. Fortunately for them, if not for us, there are cheap Japanese goods now on sale everywhere.

You see, there is another side to this cheap Japanese goods argument. Cheap labour in Japan has been able to supply the natives of Africa and Asia with materials that they could not buy from us. It may be bad for our business, but there is the native point of view.

The poor ones could not afford to buy our products, ever. We supplied the richer ones. Now they, too, buy the products of Japan.

As for their own goods, the French are very artful. Under the Act of Algeciras, there must be, in Morocco, equality for everybody.

It sounds very well. Actually what the French do, since they cannot pass a law saying that every piece of soap imported must come from France, is to say that it must be of a certain shape. The shape chosen is not the English shape, but the French one. As Morocco's consumption of soap is not sufficiently important for us to vary our moulds, we just lose the market.

Then, so much do the French control things that, if an English firm in Tangier wants to send goods down into French Morocco, it has to pay, if it uses its own English trolley, so much per ton per mile to a firm which has the monopoly and which uses French, American and Italian lorries. We are just frozen out!

And as for Tangier, which is an international zone, well, the French and Spaniards run it, whatever anyone may say. The English pay heavy taxes, for they are big landowners, but the French and Spaniards run the port.

And this sort of game is going on all over the world.

We are an old-fashioned nation, but we do not know. We believe in "gentlemen's agreements." Certain other nations do not. We have a calm belief in the Victorian doctrine of trusteeship. Alas, that is out of date.

The most exciting time of the year to visit Morocco, although it is then too hot to go inland, must be the summer. On the coast, you may then see suddenly arrive a great shoal of tunny fish, some of them twelve feet long!

Natives go out in boats and dive underneath the sea, with knives clenched in their jaws. They stab furiously at the great fish until the sea is full of blood. They stab and slash away.

All round the coast, tunny fish arrive in thousands, and, directly they arrive, the boats go out and the knives begin to slash.

What it means to you — *by Francis Williams*

"HAVES" and "HAVE-NOTS"

RECENT events have so confused the international scene that there is a very real danger of many of us overlooking the real causes of the moves which during the past few weeks have occupied the world.

Statesmen have been involved in negotiations to ease the immediate problems that have arisen following Germany's re-occupation of the formerly demilitarised Rhineland zone. That is important work; but it is just as important that the fundamental reasons that created those problems should be understood.

Remembering this, it is encouraging to see that there is growing an understanding of the differences between the "have" and "have-not" nations which have played so large a part in recent history.

The "haves" are the static powers—Britain, France, Russia, the United States—who have large areas of the world under their influence or control, who have wide opportunities for emigration and investment in those areas, and who by the same token are able to develop their foreign trade on a considerable, and valuable, scale.

The "have-nots" are the dynamic and dissatisfied powers, notably Germany, Italy, and Japan, who are over-populated within their own borders, have little or no opportunities for legitimate colonial expansion, and for the same reason experience trade problems which do not trouble the "haves."

Germany's problems largely arise out of the Peace Treaties, which deprived her of many hundreds of square miles of her Fatherland and all her colonies in Africa. Italy has never had great colonial possessions, yet has a rapidly expanding population and lacks the opportunities for economic expansion at home. Japan itself is one of the most crowded countries in the world—and her population is growing at the rate of 1,000,000 a year.

What can be done about it? Non-aggression pacts, treaties, and the rest serve an important need; collective security through the framework of the League of Nations must continue to play a vital part in world affairs. But economic disputes and demands can, I believe, only be properly ironed out by a new World Economic Conference. And the new Conference must not, like the last, fail miserably through its mismanagement.

When such a conference has met, and succeeded, as it must, the big problems of territorial possessions, access to raw materials, colonial trade, investment, and emigration may very well be brought near to solution. And with an expansion of League of Nations' work to cover new fields of activity in administrating the new conditions which must ultimately come about, many of the urgent problems of to-day will be removed.

It is not an easy task; but it is a task worth doing—for the alternative is a grim one.

For advice on current economic problems, write to the Economic Advisory Bureau, "The Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope.

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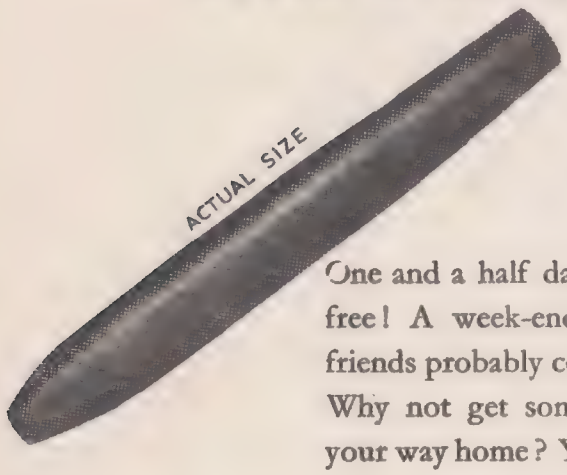

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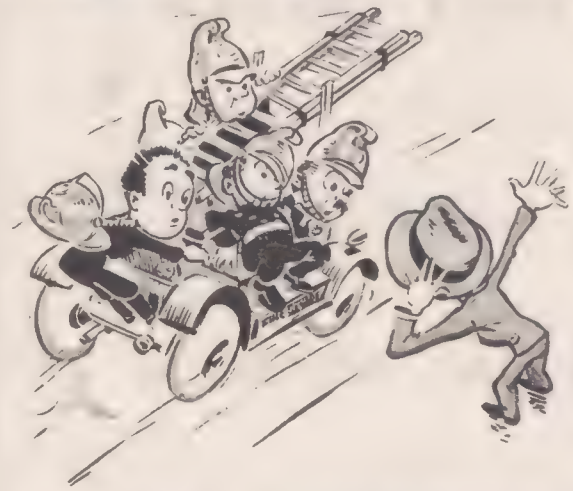

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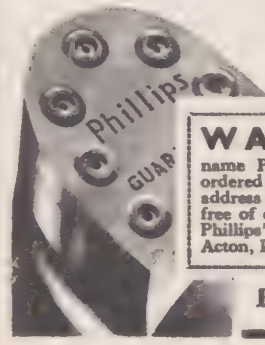

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THE *White-Faced*

THE strain of a London practice, larger in extent and demand on one's energies than profitable to one's pocket, had tempted me to accept from a friend an offer to act as his *locum tenens* in the country for a few weeks, while he went with his invalid wife to the south of France. The change was very welcome, for I was nerve-wracked and run down, needing the tonic of rural calm.

My friend's practice, I found, was not a large or troublesome one. Indeed, the good-health of the neighbourhood almost made a doctor redundant. Patients ranged from the few country families in the big, far-flung houses, to the owners of several small farms, and again to the cottagers and farm-workers in and round a couple of villages not very distant from each other.

"You'll find it as good as a holiday," my friend prophesied when he handed over, "compared with what you've left behind in London. For one thing, unless I'm to be very surprised, you'll get practically all your nights in bed. Night-calls are rare here."

I certainly discovered that to be the case. As a matter of fact, when a first fortnight of this rural peace had worked its inevitable cure in me, I found myself wishing there was more to do. I missed, too, the acute vitality that throbbed in London.

I said so one day to a prosperous farmer, to whom my friend had introduced me. Potter was a regular son of the soil, a grim and strong character of few words, yet most interesting as a study of his type. I had looked in at his farm-house one afternoon, to examine one of the hands, being given a fragrant cup of tea by his daughter, Meg, as quiet and reserved as her father. She was married; but there was, I had early received hints, some scandal about her husband, who had long since left her.

"So you think there's more life in London than there is hereabout, doctor?" her father said in his slow way, I remember, and shook his head. "With respect, you'm wrong. It's only that, with we country-folk, life's deeper and means more than up London. And if, as you say, we be all too well and lusty in body, that's not to argue we don't have sickness of heart."

That struck me at the moment as queer, especially the latter part. For the man was enviably successful, and if his manner was dour, it had always seemed to me more a matter of habit than the nursing of any sorrow or grievance against life.

Afterwards, mentioning the matter to the rector, enlightenment came to me somewhat.

"The Potters' trouble, of course, is that husband of poor Meg," he told me. "They say nothing about it. Nobody does, because they're well liked. But there's tragedy behind it, though even I don't know the whole story."

He told me so much as was common knowledge. The girl, it seemed, had fallen in love with and married a young fellow from London, seemingly well-to-do and staying a while in the neighbourhood. Potter had been against the marriage, not liking the fellow. But the girl had her way, leaving home and being married in town by registrar. That happened three years since, though for two of them she'd been back home here without any husband.

"Potter just gave it out that his son-in-law and Meg hadn't got on well together, and the son-in-law was abroad for a while. But there's more behind it than that, of course, a hidden wound that girl and her father are nursing," the rector said, adding: "One can only hope that, one of these days, something will happen to cure that wound."

One night, a week later, I was sitting in the study of my friend's house when I was surprised by the tinkle of the telephone. It was my first night-call since I had been here. It was, I found, Potter who spoke over the wire.

"Can you be so good, doctor, as to come to the farm right away?" I heard him asking, his voice heavy with anxiety.

I could only gather vaguely that someone had met with a serious accident, so there was urgency. Ringing off, collecting surgical needs to meet such an emergency, I was quickly away in my car. The farmer met me at the front-door, quite hustling me inside, looking very white-faced and distraught.

"Doctor," he said to me. "Something terrible bad's happened. I'm counting on you to stand friendly by Meg and me over it."

I wondered naturally what could have happened to agitate so reserved a man. Following him into one of the big living-rooms, I saw that someone—a young man—lay stretched on a sofa. The farmer's daughter was bending over him, crying softly.

I saw that the young man was unconscious, that some of his clothing had been cut away, so that his left shoulder and breast were bare. A nasty shot-wound darkened the white skin with blood, some attempt having been made to staunch it, I could see.

I got down at once to my work, helped silently by the farmer's daughter, who had abruptly stopped crying. It proved not to be so bad a case as at first I had feared. A miracle had directed the course of the bullet from what must have made a doctor's services hopeless, I said as much, while doing all possible to make the patient comfortable for the time being. Then I put forward the only natural suggestion.

"We'd better ring up the hospital," I turned to Potter, mentioning the name of one not far away. "Get them to send an ambulance——"

"No, no!" he interrupted me, flinging up his big hands desperately. "That's just what mustn't happen, doctor. I said Meg and I did look to you to stand by us as a friend. If you're to be that, nobody must know about yon fellow being here, and in such a state. If they do, it means a terrible disgrace to us."

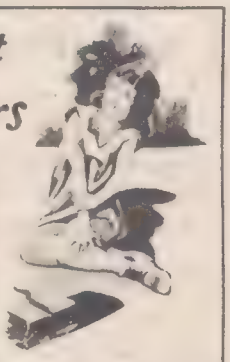
I was so taken aback that, for the moment, I could do no more than stare from the farmer to his daughter, and then at the bandaged man, now half-conscious and listening, a hazy anxiety in his eyes. What, I was wondering, could be behind this amazing desire for secrecy?

"Yon's my Meg's husband," the farmer answered my question. "No doubt you'll have heard——"

"The rector did tell me something—" I helped him out of his obvious difficulty, thinking the while how wrong I had been in imagining I would have no personal interest in this domestic drama.

Here I was, figuring all unexpectedly in what was quite obviously an unforeseen and startling development in it. The farmer, man of few words, painted in for me

Daylight Dangers



THE longer hours of daylight bring more opportunities for the children to get into mischief—too often dangerous mischief which takes an inevitable toll. A frolic on the swings in the park; a stumble in the playground; a "playful" push—these are just a few typical causes of broken bones.

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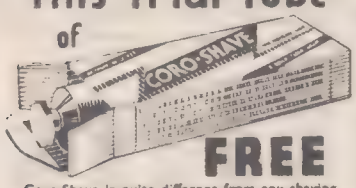

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Farmer

A young man lay stretched on the sofa. The farmer's daughter was crying softly.

that part of the picture which not even the rector knew. Shortly after the marriage, the daughter had found her husband nothing but a crook, whom not even she could keep straight. In the end, when —her little bit of money gone—he left her for another woman, going abroad, she had come home, the first her father knew about it.

As the rector had said, they had since nursed that hidden wound, which their pride would not let the world see. And now, a bolt out of the blue, here was the cause of the wound, threatening to expose their shame. My own very natural need was enlightenment on one remaining point.

"But how does he come here—in that state?" I asked.

It seemed that they were not, as yet, able to say much. They had been disturbed by a knocking on the front door, which the daughter had opened, the fellow falling in unconscious from loss of blood. Before ringing me up, they had managed to bring him round a little, enough to glean that he had been on some crooked work in the neighbourhood.

Someone, disturbing him, had shot at him. He'd managed somehow to get away and, knowing his wife's home handy, had staggered there, reckoning on them to help and hide him. That last, for the sake of their good name, was their one anxiety, and the farmer pressed it upon me.

"We count, from what he let fall to Meg, that he got away without being seen," he told me. "You see, doctor, if you'll help us by treating him here privately, no one need know the way he came here, or even that he's here——"

He was interrupted by a knocking on the front door, which I could see frightened both him and the girl. It was she who, motioning us to wait, left the room at a run, returning after a few moments when the knocking was repeated.

"I looked from upstairs where there ain't any light," she told us, white and breathless. "It be the police sergeant and others——"

I can remember now the deep stillness of that room after she spoke, the deep stillness all around, while we stood looking at each other, Everything might have been dead. Yet everything was terribly alive. I remember how an owl screeched far away, and then the farmer spoke.

"Well, doctor," he said, "that's ended it. If they'm after him, maybe tracked him here, I suppose I must just let them in."

He went out, closing the door behind him, and to me the long waiting seemed intolerable. It must have been worse for the girl, bending over the man whom, after all, I could see she still loved. Then the door opened, the farmer coming in, his face lit with a surprised relief.

"Doctor," he said. "It's only you they'm after, having seen your car outside and the lights on here. There's been a bad smash on the road nearby, and—would you go quick with them?"

Perhaps my professional conscience should have troubled me that I did not report to the police about that wounded crook of a son-in-law at Potters' farm. But it didn't. After I'd attended to the victims of the car-smash, I heard casually of an attempted burglary in the neighbourhood, though—nothing having been stolen—no one seemed bothering about it.

Certainly my silence had good results, as I knew when I went back to London. That night-call had cured more than bodily wounds.

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Sue waved them off gaily—but inwardly she was worried. She used to be so popular herself. Then a thought struck her. Joan had said her teeth were looking foggy.

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Sue took the Dentist's advice. The difference GIBBS made was amazing—Sue's gloriously white teeth made her lovely. Tony's friend Michael fell in love with her at first sight.

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Vapex gives instant relief; it clears the head and kills the germs which cause the trouble. It is the safest, surest, most rapid remedy . . . . 20 years of world-wide use have proved its worth.

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Wonderful hair colour sheen can be yours at little cost in money and minutes. Use Nestlé ColoRinse after every shampoo for added hair lustre. It restores drab and faded hair to natural colour beauty.

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Leading chemists and hairdressers sell ColoRinse in 12 lovely shades. Ask for the suitable shade or if in doubt write to the address below, enclosing cutting of your hair.

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NESTLE ColoRINSE

Spots on Back gone! 1 Jar completely cured

SHE had unsightly Rash on her face. After using "KITANO" (*Brand Ointment*) only three times there was not one spot left.

HE had nasty Rash on chin and neck could not shave properly. After shaving at night, he applied "KITANO"—result, in one week rash disappeared.

Those instances are typical of the contents of the letters we are continually receiving. Some cases are slight, others serious. KITANO Brand Ointment is effective for all skin troubles. You are invited to try it first. Take advantage of our sample offer.

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YOU'RE TELLING US!

SOONER OR LATER the Government abolishes everything that is popular——" This grand, terse truth towered like a town councillor's statue above a crowd of lesser thoughts in our mailbag. It is the masterpiece of Mr. Reynolds Seaton, of Boscombe, in Hampshire. If Mr. Seaton never writes another line, he will still be a great man. We place him way up with Bernard Shaw, Socrates, and our Uncle Joe among the super-sages of all time. But his letter tails off into a moan about superstitions, and he leaves to us the task of pointing out why the Government abolishes everything that is popular. It does so because otherwise we shouldn't know it was there. Allow us to lift the veil from one of those well-advertised Cabinet meetings which assemble at No. 10 whenever one of the dictator boys runs amok. Honest Stan (Sealed Lips) Baldwin in the chair. Are they discussing Hitler, Musso, Stalin, Starhemberg? "Chaps," says Stanley, "I gottan-idea—let's abolish football altogether." "Why not?" agrees Simon. "It's popular and I don't play it." But then Neville (Passion Flower) Chamberlain wakes from a day dream, in which a knight is rescuing a fair maiden from an income-tax collector, and demands, "What about my entertainment tax?" Someone begins a speech about the wurruld of sport and is cut short—and that, children, is the story of how soccer was saved for another season at least. "Have you ever tried writing poetry?

I HAVE," CONTINUES Kenneth J. Valentine, of Perth, N.B. "and find it a pleasant diversion for everyday life. Up to date I have written about eighteen poems, all about my pals or the life we lead. Really it is very simple. I think everybody has a certain poetic gift in them. I have asked three or four travellers who come into our shop, and they all confess to having done so at one time. I find I can write about thirty-six lines of rhythmic poetry in half an hour, so why not try it and let's have a poem to brighten your page?" No, Mr. Valentine, no, no, no. We leave it to you. In an eight-hour working day you can produce 576 rhythmic lines, or 3,168 rhythmic lines in a five-and-a-half-day week. Of rhythmic lines there will thus be no dearth in Perth, without our poor efforts, which in any case are diverted northwards to a lighthouse in Orkney. There dwells R. Garriock.

IT WAS THE OPINION of one of our local men, and a man with a good education, too," writes this storm-beleaguered islander, "that the reason we have had so many spells of cold weather in recent years is that we are moving nearer the North Pole. Whether this is true or not I cannot say, but I know that we have got the cold weather." Yes, and we are just as worried about it as Mr. Garriock. We will be grateful if, from his tall eyrie reared against the approaching icebergs and polar bears, he will drop us a line when the North Pole actually heaves in sight. We will then beat it to Morocco in the wake of Hannen Swaffer. Not, however, without reopening a controversy into which we have been pitchforked by Miss Edith White, of Nottingham, which is near Trent Bridge cricket ground. "I have been reading on this page," she starts menacingly, "that housewives are hard-worked.

WELL, WHAT ABOUT office workers? A typist sits at a desk pounding away at a typewriter till her arms feel like dropping off. And if she makes a mistake, does she hear about it! One month's wages and she's out again. We know the housewife has to have dinner ready by the time the family comes home, but the typist has to have letters ready by the time the boss wants them. The only thing worth while in a typist's life is that she can come home one night a week and read THE PASSING SHOW—that is, if the dog hasn't chewed it up or father left it in the train." But have you ever considered from the so-called boss's point of view, Edith? We ourself, hard-boiled Big Executive though we be, confess to being hen-pecked at the office as well as at home. Our secretary keeps us up to the mark. She has—or they have—a tiresome habit of getting married and walking out on us. Then we have a painful time while the new one bullies us into her ways. We admit, though, that it must be hard work looking after a feckless fellow like us. We are probably one of the nuisances complained of by James Smith, railwayman, of Sunny Salford.

CAN YOU (or maybe your Uncle Joe) tell me why people, quite normal in everyday respects, are so darned dumb when they become railway passengers? Why do they ask such ridiculous questions as 'What time is the next train?' and forget to say where to? They forget that we porters see hundreds of trains going to all sorts of places, and take it for granted we know where each individual wants to go! Why do they kick up such a din if the waiting-room fire gets low? After all, they don't get fires in bus or tram shelters. What curious kink of mind makes them say, 'You have a good job—nothing to do and bags of time to do it in'? Let me say we do our work before or after they arrive or leave, just to have the station shining like a new pin for them." Being ourself merely one of those flustered innocents who wander about railway stations dodging barrows, we referred to the Sage of St. Ives. "Suffering broccoli!" retorted our uncle, "Isn't it obvious? Most people don't *know* where they want to go. They ask a porter so that he can make up their mind for them. If he says Cheltenham Spa, they go to Cheltenham Spa. If he says Chorlton-cum-Hardy, they run shrieking into the street. As for fires in waiting rooms, I have never seen a fire alight in a waiting room. As for stations shining like new pins, well—I've got to get my seed potatoes in." Thankfully we pass on to assist at a christening in Tunbridge Wells.

SOME TIME AGO," writes Mr. C. W., "a serial was running in PASSING SHOW entitled, 'The Thousandth Frog.' My wife was greatly interested in this story and looked forward week by week to the instalments. But what increased her interest was that she was taking a well-known brand of body-building tonic made from the vegetable which, more or less, formed the basis of the story. Believe it or not, Mr. Editor, but a fortnight ago my wife presented me with a strapping son and heir, and at the rate he is progressing he will add half his weight at birth in a month. I think you ought 'to name this child.'"

IF WE HAD A SON, we would call him—but we have two daughters instead. We would call him Matthew.

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Really it is very simple

SERVICE

on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

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Half a crown will be paid to the sender of each "Slip" published. Actual cuttings must be sent. If more than one reader submits the same "Slip" prize will be awarded to first opened. Address "Slips," PASSING SHOW, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Placing Fog Signals, Perhaps.—"They were working with a *bang* on the L.N.E.R. permanent way."—*The Northern Despatch.*

Crime in the Gallery?—" 'Falling in Love,' a story of Mystery and Murder on the High *Seats.*"—*Norwich Eastern Evening News.*

What Men Will Do For Love.—"He broke off, came to the settee at right angles *to the fire on which she was sitting*, and sat down beside her."—"In the Wilderness," by Robert Hichens.

Perhaps He Possessed a Sixth Sense.—"The man who had no *ears* heard tumblers click. He opened the safe."—*Ten Detective Aces.*

Solution Next Week

CLUES ACROSS

1. Look with a weapon.
5. Father in short.
7. Races to alarm.
12. Ancient appellation for 27.
13. May call to dinner or something more serious.
15. Immediately.
16. Cold suggestions about these tops.
19. Possibly 32 in particular order.
21. Inclination to procrastination.
24. 44 curtailed.
25. A bad ice liner (anagram).
26. Laces for proportion.
27. To be becomes a cranial appendage.
29. So a conjunction may be a receptacle.
30. Palindromic animal.
32. May be remarkable or merely recorded.
34. Batrachian beast.
35. Large spoons.
37. A tattered dish this would appear to be.
40. In this sense one would scarcely look for wisdom.
42. May be with bell book and candle.
43. The shape conceals the animal.
44. Bisect 28 for a male.
45. Season now ending.
46. Renovate.
47. Present 33 of 45.

A	R	M	A	M	E	N	T	S		A	S	P	E	N
L	E	A	V	E		O	A	T	S		P	E	N	
B	A	L	E	S		O	R	A	T	I	O	N	S	
	S	E	R	M	O	N		R	E	N	T	A	L	S
M	O	S	S	E	S		P		M	A		L	A	P
A	N		R	I	T	E	S		N	A	I	V	E	
N	A	P		I	R	O	N	Y		E		S	E	C
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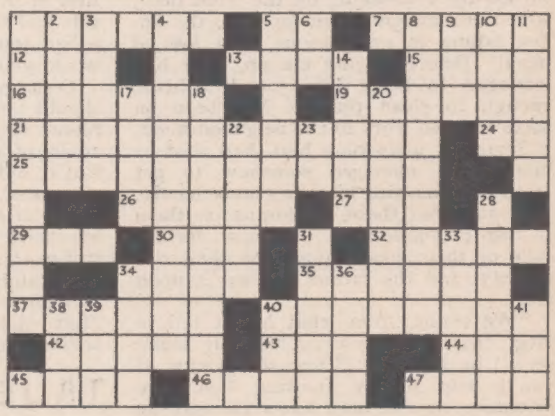
L	E	S	S		L	E	E		A	S		N		
E		E		C	H	A	S	M		P	O	R	T	S

Solution to last week's puzzle

CLUES DOWN

1. Roman combatant.
2. Pull up in a garden (hidden).
3. The cow that jumped over the moon would be so.
4. Chalk period of the geologist.
5. May be plain, but more often blue.
6. Two-thirds of 9.
8. Rose laces for a dish.
9. Keep the insect out of the pantechnicon.
10. Such metamorphosis makes deer of a flower.
11. A biblical witch came from here.
14. Belge for certain land.
17. Mark for vehicles.
18. 'Ware toads (anagram, hyphen).
20. Not usually continental.
22. Angered, colloquially speaking.
23. Sodium of the chemist makes a coin of 6.
28. Something to be learned here.
31. Incline.
33. Strained to stiffness.
34. Step into legal wrong.
36. Wane begins again.
38. Important member of a suit.
39. This may be dangerous.
40. Precede 6 with its terminal and you'll find the lass.
41. A fitting conclusion.



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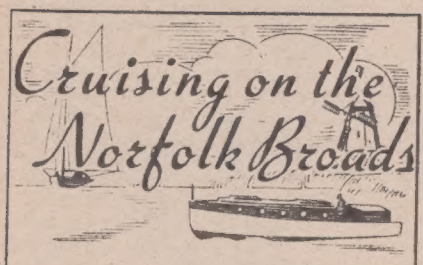

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achieved the great improvement indicated in the illustration. At the end of October, 1935, Mr. Clark's condition was as shown in the left-hand illustration, and in addition to serious spinal-curvature he was suffering from **INDIGESTION, WEAK BACK and SHORT-WINDEDNESS**

Oct. 31st, 1935 **Jan. 26th, 1936**

through using weights and expanders, thus pressing on the spine instead of stretching it, and exhausting the body instead of establishing functional efficiency and correct skeletal form and mobility. Unfortunately Mr. Clark did not get into touch with Maxalding until he was nearly 27 years old, but the improvements indicated were gained between November 1, 1935, and January 26, 1936, when the "snap" reproduced in the right-hand illustration was taken. He reported a complete cure of the Indigestion at that time, all-round improvements in vitality and health and an increase of 1 in. in height. Mr. Clark again wrote on March 2, 1936:—"MOTHER and FATHER have remarked on the improvement in my back, also my friends—I tell them that it is the Maxalding course I have to thank for it. With regard to the lifting, have discontinued it since beginning your course . . . about the photos. shall have some more taken at the end of the course . . . shall be only too pleased for you to show them, also my name and address—in fact there is no comparison with those other courses I have had." Improvements continue. **TESTIMONIAL GUARANTEED GENUINE** and unsolicited and photograph unretouched. Mr. Clark's address will be given to any sufferer from spinal-curvature or to any Medical Man.

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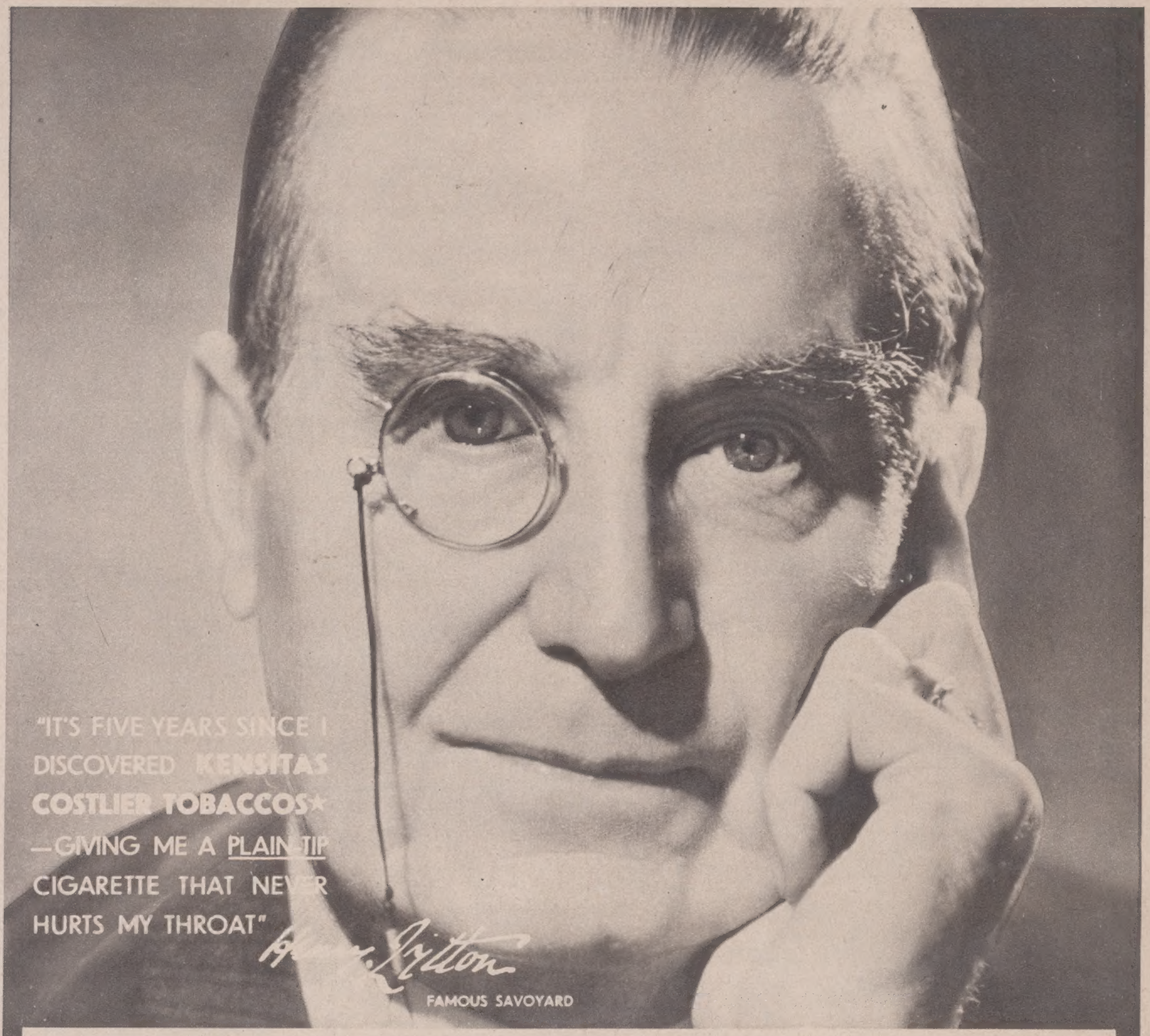

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